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THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

That Brother o' Handley's
Albert L. Allen

To Aurelia
Howard Berry

Buddies
J. Wadsworth Ingram

CONTRIBUTING
Howard Pegram, James P. Carroll, G. Selwyn King, A. V. Smith, H. Manly

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MEMORIES

By A. V. Smith

Memories sweet, like perfume from the flowered hill,
  Keep safe, secure and strong my hopes for days to come;
And memories of the living past, restore my weakened will,
  Give faith and courage now to do all things that ought be done.

Without my memories, lost am I - - - helpless and undone,
  Broken is the heart of me, Spirit crushed and weak;
Without my memories, tasks so great, so small are ne'er begun,
  And vision, faith and love would leave my soul so incomplete.

Keep near me, all the day, my memories - - - hover o'er my soul and mind;
  Bless me with thy presence in saddest hour or in the midst of pleasure's day;
Clasp hands of mine with other hands; today and other days combine,
  And give me Hope and Faith and Strength to trust my memories all the way.

"JEST ROCKS"

By Howard Pegram

IN the evening old Jerry Simmons came out of the small unpainted house and looked across his fields. Rocky and dry land supporting dwarfed cotton stalks lay in front of him, sloping in Piedmont hills. He stood for a few minutes, shoulders stooped and knees bent a little; then he hauled up a rickety chair and seated himself. His old wife, after putting away the supper dishes, came out and sat down near him.

"He'll be back to-morrer," Jerry said, not for the first time that day, as he stroked his tobacco-stained beard.

"And you reckon he'll have good news for you?" his wife asked.

"I'm hopin' so and, by gar, I know he will. These rocks has somethin' in 'em. Jest look at this un."

Slowly, as if cramped by his labor-worn muscles, Jerry reached a hand into his right trouser pocket. From the nondescript assortment of odds and ends which he produced, he selected a small heavy cube that shone with a gray luster in the failing light. Martha Simmons had seen so many of these "rocks" lately that they were common to her, but she affected an interest in her husband's specimen.

"I knowed it," Jerry began. "I knowed it all the time. When I first found some of this rock, I knowed it was somethin' worth a lot. It's diff'rent from any rocks you find in this country. See how it shines? And if you bust it, the pieces will all be square blocks. I bet you it's wuth somethin'."

"Le's hope so, Jerry," Martha replied with a sigh of weariness.

"It's got to be—got to be, Martha. We got to pay the guano we used this year and live till the cotton's ready to pick. I ain't got ten dollar left, and we need a barr'l of flour."

"Le's sell the place, like I told you before, and go to town where we kin work in the cotton mills. We'd allus have money comin' in every week then."

Martha was too old, her soul too weary with the toil of existence, to hope. Life had been for them, especially for her, an endless story: work to eat; eat to work. Jerry knew that they were beaten, but he held on long.

"I don't want to work in no mill." He was emphatic.

Martha folded her arms and leaned back. A sigh heaved her breast.

"The only thing I could do when I'm this old," he resumed with some heat, "would be to sweep, or its likes, if I went to a cotton mill. Why don't you stop agg'ivatin' me about it? I ain't goin'."

He spit tobacco juice in a vindictive manner and turned toward his wife. Her head was now bowed to uplifted hands.

"Marthy! You ain't cryin'?"

"I'm tryin' not—not to, Jerry; but—but—we're finished here. Crops is failin', and all. Please, let's g-go to the mill. I kin wo-work, too."

Old Jerry was up and beside his wife, his

toil-gnarled hands patting her stringy white hair.

"There, Honey," he soothed. "We'll go to the mill, if them rocks ain't no good, and if we kin get the money to move on."

"Jerry," the old woman said, looking out of faded blue eyes, dim with moisture, "le's go to-morrer. We kin sell the farm and get money to move on."

"It ain't wuth sellin', Honey. We couldn't find anybody that ud buy it, 'cause it's too full of rocks and red clay. But jest wait"—his voice quivered and quickened, filled with hope—"them rocks might help us yet."

"They'll never do it," Martha answered. "There ain't nothin' worth anything in 'em."

"There might be. That young fellow, Ranson, will be back to-morrer. He's assayin' 'em without chargin' us anything for it, and he said he might find some metal in 'em."

"I reckon he won't, though."

Jerry sat down again and chewed his tobacco in silence for a few minutes. Finally he spoke.

"Marthy, if there's anything good in 'em, you and me kin live like we use' to plan when we got married, 'cause there's tons and tons of that stuff. Why, we'd be well off, Honey. Them rocks starts over on that hill and goes clean across the farm, and that young feller said they go deep, too."

"We better go to the mill," said Martha tonelessly.

Next morning Ranson, a tall, stooped young mining engineer with shifting eyes, drove over the uneven road to Jerry's house. The old man was waiting for him at the edge of the yard.

"Howdy!" he called, excitement in his voice.

"Good morning, Mr. Simmons."

"Did them rocks assay anything?" he inquired eagerly.

"Mr. Simmons" — Ranson fingered the steering wheel — "I was not able to find a mineral of any value in the rocks. They are nothing but feldspar—just plain orthoclase feldspar, you know."

"Ain't that wuth nothin'?" Jerry's eyes were pitiful as he looked into Ranson's changing ones.

"Not worth a cent, Mr. Simmons. There wasn't a single mineral in them, except, of course, aluminum. But they never use feldspar to get it from. You see, that kind of rock is very plentiful. One can find it almost anywhere."

"And then they're — jest rocks!" Jerry made the statement; he did not ask the question. "Jest rocks!"

"Just rocks, that's all," Smith said. "Sorry they're worthless."

"And I need some money so bad, so bad. . . . We ain't doin' nothin' on the farm 'cept losin', Mr. Ranson, and we owe some. Marthy wants that we go to town and work in the mill, but we ain't even got enough to move on, unless we kin sell the place."

"I knew all the time you were in need; and I said to myself that I hoped those rocks would be worth something, because I saw that you had worked hard and deserved a reward. But they are worthless. Just to help you out, Mr. Simmons, I'll give you a thousand dollars for the farm."

"A thousand dollar! You would be cheatin' yourself."

"I wouldn't offer anyone else that much, Mr. Simmons, but I want to help you out. Perhaps I can sell it for almost what I give you. What I'd lose I wouldn't regret, because I'd be doing a good turn."

Martha, busy with the dinner, had just come to the front door and heard Ranson's last words. Now she shambled out to Jerry.

"Jerry," she pleaded, "le's do it. Le's get away from here. We kin move to town and pay our debts, and we won't have to worry about cotton raisin' ag'in, ever."

"We'll do it, then, Marthy." Jerry turned to Ranson. "And Mr. Ranson, we are very much obleeged to you for this."

Martha's eyes were damp as she reached out and took Jerry's misshapen hand in her coarse one.

"Jerry, darlin'."

"If you'll get ready, I'll drive you both to town and we can fix up the deed at once," Ranson suggested.

"A'right," Jerry said huskily, and the old couple went into the house.

While he was waiting for them, Ranson picked up a piece of the lustrous rock, which he had with him in the car. He weighed it in his hand and a greedy look came into his eyes.

"Galena," he muttered to himself. "A lead vein deep and rich, and shot through with silver."

NO RESERVATIONS

By G. Selwyn King

YOU who travel on the Southern Railway between Spartanburg and Columbia, either in the regular coaches or under them, or in Pullmans of the side-door variety, are acquainted with the little spot on the map and junction on the railroad known as Alston. It is difficult to see, but once you have had a good look at it, you can never forget it. Alston is built on a river—a situation which is indeed fortunate for both the river and Alston, since neither would ever have become famous without the other. At different times this river, like the baby, has grown too large for its bed, and consequently has had to seek a larger one, much to the displeasure of the citizen of Alston, the station agent. Many tales are still floating around—not in the river, of course—about the high water of years gone by; of how trees, houses, hotels, skyscrapers, and other animals—cows to be more specific—have floated across the station landing of Alston. You are probably wondering how I came to know so much about Alston, but you won't be kept in suspense much longer, because that is exactly what I propose to tell you in this yarn.

During the past summer, while working on the chain—I mean railroad—not many miles distant from the aforesaid Alston, we (Jimmie, Sleepy, and yours truly) noticed that the aforesaid river, which was usually very deliberate in its movement, seemed to be getting in a hurry. Being so eager to work, however, we didn't stop long enough to reason about the matter, but on we toiled until forced to stop by darkness. We tried

working at night for a while, but it is very impractical, as well as painful, to try to drive stakes with a nine-pound sledge-hammer at night. So at nightfall we unwillingly stopped work and made our way to the nearest station, Strother, with the perfectly good intention of catching the next train for Spartanburg — an acomplishment which we thought we could carry out with comparative ease, since the train usually stopped for some inexplicable reason. We had some difficulty in locating the station, both because of its obscurity and its minuteness. (This article ought to be of great geographical importance. Two hitherto unknown places have already been located.) When we finally succeeded in awaking the operator, we were informed that our train was likely to be two or three hours late because of the flood. I don't know how he knew unless it was by some sort of intuition. Another thing we couldn't understand was what the flood had to do with trains. We finally concluded that the train must have stopped for an hour or two in honor of its predecessor, the ark.

It so happened that a young man from Newberry had come to Strother to meet a "certain party" who was coming on the eastbound "Carolina Special." The "Carolina Special" never stops at Strother unless a passenger expresses a desire to get off there, and this is indeed rare. Now the young lady, as young ladies will do, changed her mind at Spartanburg, and, incidentally, changed from the train to a bus. All of this we learned by a telegram. The train crew was totally ignorant of the proceedings, however, and so the train stopped at Strother. When nobody got off, the conductor remarked that some one had played a dirty trick on him. We asked if he expected to pass any westbound trains between Strother and Alston, and he replied that he expected to pass nothing but mile posts and cross-ties until he reached Alston, and not much more then. So we got on.

At Alston, the "Carolina Special" parked for four hours. The passengers debarked and formed a Country Club. They were forced to dance in order to keep the mosquitoes off. One mosquito must have bitten a drunk man, because he certainly did persist in singing "Sweet Adeline" in my ears. Well, time went on, and so did the train. We were left at Alston at the mercy of the operator.

"Boys," he began, "the water got so high here in 1907 that I had to drive a spike in the wall, hook myself to it by my coat-collar and telegraph with my toes. When this grew tiresome, I reversed the procedure: I hung by my toes from the molding on the wall and worked with my fingers."

And so we sat, expecting our train to come any minute. The hours dragged by with nothing to enliven them but the stories of the operator. My feet were about the only part of my anatomy that got in a good night's rest. They slept soundly through it all. I awoke at three o'clock and the operator was still talking, evidently about a wreck that he had witnessed.

"Well, sir, after the train hit that car, the liquor flowed down the track and ate up a quarter of a mile of the toughest steel rail. . . ."

When I awoke again at four, he announced that the train was not going to run that night, a fact which was very evident, on account

of a flood, a recent one, which had washed out some track near Columbia.

When morning finally came, our first problem was to secure something to appease our appetites. We had gone more supperless than we had dinnerless, and now it seemed that we were going to go more breakfastless than we had supperless. Sleepy had a very substantial pair of brogans, so we boiled these and they made excellent steak.

There isn't much more to tell now. A train came by about ten o'clock and we boarded it. The engineer woke us up with his whistle at Spartanburg and we got off, sadder, wiser, hungrier and sleepier than when we left.

If you can't discover my purpose in telling this—or rather in writing this story, don't worry about it—I can't either.

BUDDIES

By J. Wadsworth Ingram

THE COACH SHOP of the B. and S. Railroad was running at full blast. Drills were buzzing; pneumatic hammers, like so many giant crickets, were making a ceaseless racket; the blows of hammers rang out; the blast of torches emitted smoke and gas. A stranger entering the shop would have found the deafening and ceaseless roar distracting and the smoke stifling, but the workmen were as calm as if they had been at home on their front porches. If one were to meet the most skilled and the highest paid of these workmen on the street and should ask him what his occupation was, he would have replied curtly, "Railroadin'." If one were to meet the most menial laborer and should propound to him the same question, he would receive the same brief answer, "Railroadin'." If anyone had entered the shop intent on looking around, he would have been eyed coolly by the workmen. Some slighting remarks might even have been made about him, especially if he wore clean clothes. He would have come away feeling that those greasy and grimy creatures were not human beings, but some cruel and heartless beasts. Yet, if he had put on a pair of dirty overalls and had gone in and rail-roaded with those men for a week, he would have discovered that under the grease and dirt that covered their faces were kindly countenances, and under the rugged chests beat hearts of gold, and under the crust of coolness and contempt was sturdy friendship and passionate love. In this shop every day the whole gamut of human life was run. Pain and pleasure, tears and laughter, humor and pathos, comedy and tragedy, friendship and enmity, love and hate.

"Hey, buddy, what time is it gittin' to be?" shouted Tom McAbee, jumping down out of a car, to Jim Lloyd, who was working underneath.

"What difference does it make? You got to work till the whistle blows anyhow. Twenty minutes of eleven."

"That all! I've been waitin' for the whistle for two hours."

"That's nothin'. I've been waitin' since seven o'clock."

"Well, let's go. Here, screw a nut on this bolt."

"What's the big rush? We'll get through soon enough." Here both men became serious. "You really think they're goin' to lay-off?" anxiously queried Jim.

"That's what they're all talkin'. You know, we didn't have but forty of these cars to fix, and we done fixed thirty-eight."

"Well, buddy, if they do, I don't know what'll become of us. It's all I can do to keep goin' anyhow. You know my wife's been sick, too."

"Aw, they won't get you," enthusiastically replied Tom.

"I don't know. They say it's goin' to be a big cut. They'll get me before they do you."

"Aw, buddy, don't you know they couldn't run this railroad without me and you? Why, the whole thing would go busted in twenty-four hours. Look out: here comes Bill."

Both men began to work furiously and continued to do so until "Bill" had passed.

"Say, buddy, how long have we been railroadin' together?" asked Tom.

"Let me see. We started together at Rockburn. That must-a been twenty year ago. We been buddies a long time."

"Them was some times in Rockburn," mused Tom. "Wasn't like this," picking up an electric drill. "Then it was a willin' heart and a strong back. And I mean, we didn't work no eight hours neither. It was from sun-up to sun-down. I never will forget that day you started in."

"I don't guess I will neither, after that lickin' you gave me," ruefully replied Jim.

"Aw, it wasn't bad. I hadn't been there but a little while myself, and they picked me to 'nitiate you."

"Well, you did a good job, all right. Look out! Here comes Bill."

When the tall, lanky, nervous-looking man came up, they were working as if their lives depended on it.

"How y'all gettin' along, boys? You want to rush it up a little. We gotta get this car outa here this evenin'. Here, saw these edges off straight and screw them nuts on tight."

"I wonder what he thinks we're doin'," grumbled Jim when "Bill" had gone. "He ought to know we got sense enough to saw edges off straight and screw nuts on tight. I bet we was doin' this work before he ever saw a railroad."

"Aw, don't pay no attention to these boss men. They want to find something wrong with you. That's their job. If we was all perfect they wouldn't have no job."

"I know, but tellin' us to—"

"Get it off your mind. Say, what time is it gettin' to be?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"Good night! Ain't time slow? Well, it's an hour before dinner, and we ain't got nothin' else to do, so I reckon we might as well work a little."

So they started in and worked until the whistle blew. But when it started blowing, every man in the shop dropped what he was doing. Those whose homes were close by walked hastily toward them. Others went to meet their children, who were coming with large baskets. Others grabbed their tin boxes and began to bolt their food. But an half-hour was given for dinner, and not a minute was to be lost. As they finished eating,

some stretched themselves out on the floor to get a little rest before the long afternoon's work should begin. Others sat around in small groups and talked about various topics. Today, however, the most of the talk was about the probability of there being a lay-off. And so they sat, hoping the the whistle would not blow, yet knowing that the sooner it blew the sooner four o'clock would come. Finally it did blow, and the men slowly arose, got a drink of water, and put in another wad of tobacco. Hardly had it ceased blowing before the drills were buzzing, the hammers ringing out, and the machinery clanking again. Tom and Jim took their places again. Quite evidently, Jim was worried. Tom tried to cheer him up, but it was no use. So the long hours dragged by in silence.

"What time is it gettin' to be, buddy?" asked Tom.

Jim pulled out his big watch. "Five minutes," he answered. "Hear anything more about the lay-off?"

"Yep, they're all talkin' it," replied Tom.

"It's goin' to be tough on us married men. You single fellows is lucky."

"Aw, they ain't goin' to get you."

"They'll get me before they do you."

Already the men were quitting work. They were marking time. Some were cutting on sticks with their pocket-knives. Others were hammering on the rails in order to keep up the noise. Many sauntered toward the water fountains, and, incidentally, toward the clock. All were ready to fall in line very quickly. Someone whistled gently, and the noise increased. This signal meant to look out for the boss man. After an eternity, the whistle blew. Before it had ceased blowing, the bell of the clock was ringing. Men ran rapidly to get in line, so as to be among the first to check out. There was scrambling and laughing and pushing, punctuated by the ringing of the clock. Then all was silent. It was like the calm that follows a storm. The place, a few minutes before so noisy and full of people, was now as quiet and as deserted as a country cemetery.

As Tom and Jim parted, Jim said, "I sure hope they don't lay-off. I guess we'll find out tomorrow though."

"Aw, don't you worry, buddy. They ain't goin' to get you."

The following morning, a little after seven, the workmen began to come in. They checked in and then sat around in groups to talk. They had something to talk about now, the approaching lay-off. With the blowing of the whistle, the roar re-commenced and another day of work had started. To many of the men, it was just another day. Some of them had been "railroadin' " more than a quarter of a century, and most probably would continue to railroad until death. The coming and the going of the days had little influence on their lives. One day was just like another. They toiled day in and day out for the crisp piece of paper that was handed to them at the end of every two weeks.

Jim and Tom were working under a car—another car. One had been rolled out and another rolled in.

"Today's Friday, ain't it, Tom?" asked Jim, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"If it don't rain," carelessly replied Tom.

"Well, I guess we'll find out today," sighed Jim, despondently.

"Find out what?"

"You know, about the lay-off. They have to let us know five days ahead."

"You still worryin' about that thing, buddy?"

"I tell you, it's serious, Tom. If they get me, I don't know what we'll do, an' Mary like she is. If it was just me it wouldn't be so bad."

"Aw, cheer up, buddy. They ain't goin' to get you."

So all over the shop that day the men were discussing the lay-off. It was in the air. They expected a notice to be posted every minute. Every time some one entered, they all looked anxiously around. So the long morning dragged by, and dinner time came, and afternoon. With the afternoon came a new hope. Perhaps there would be no lay-off. Maybe it was all false, only a rumor. However, just a few minutes before quitting time a man entered with some papers. Everyone knew what it was: the notice. He tacked a small strip of paper on the bulletin board. The whistle blew, and the men lined up to check out, but this time, instead of leaving immediately, they gathered around to read the bulletin. Tom and Jim, peering over the shoulders of others, read the following notice:

"Beginning August 1st, the following number of men in the various departments will be laid-off for an indefinite period.

"J. Q. Roddy, Supt."

Tom and Jim ran rapidly down the list until they read, "Brakeman, 25," Then they looked at the list of brakemen, and Jim counted rapidly down twenty-five names and read: "Jim Lloyd, 19 yrs. 8 mo." Going down to the twenty-sixth name, he read, "Tom McAbee, 19 yrs. 9 mo."

"They got me and left you," said Jim.

"They sure did," mused Tom. "Too bad."

The next five days flew by in rapid succession. Some of the men who had been laid-off took it lightly, others pretended not to care, others were frankly disturbed. Among these last was Jim Lloyd.

The last day had come. The checks had just been handed out.

"Well, buddy, I reckon this is the last one I'll get for a good while," observed Jim, carefully folding his check and putting it into his pocket.

"Yep, that's too bad. I wish they had got me instead of you."

"I wish they hadn't got neither one of us. Mary's worse, too."

"Too bad, buddy, too bad. Anything I can do, let me know."

The next morning Tom McAbee went to work alone. He was earlier than usual. He went to the superintendent's office and entered. After about fifteen minutes he came out, with a smile on his face. He left the shop and went as rapidly as he could to Jim's home.

"Hey, buddy," he yelled, "get up and go to work. What you so lazy about? The boss said to come on back. He transferred me back to Rockburn and you're goin' to work on here. Just came to say good-bye. Got to catch the early train away from here. Take good care of the wife and kids. Aw, buddy, I told you they wasn't goin' to get you."

Before Jim could regain his senses, Tom had clasped his hand and gone.

Among the other mail that went out from the shop that morning was a letter to the main office. It read as follows:

"Gentlemen:—Please remove the name of Tom McAbee permanently from the payroll. He came in this morning and quit of his own accord without giving any reason for so doing.

"Yours truly,
"J. Q. Roddy, Supt."

COURTING

By James P. Carroll

KNOWING my friend, Tom Amour, to have been adept in winning the affection of those whose affection he desired to win, and feeling that I was woefully ignorant of the noble art of courting, I decided to ask him to outline for me the fundamental necessaries for becoming at all proficient in the aforesaid art. I found him at home—a most unusual coincidence—smoking a cigarette and reading "Heart Throbs and Pulse Beats." I falteringly stated my mission, and, like all true experts in whatever fields, he gladly agreed to reveal all of the secrets of this tender art to me.

"First of all," he began, "you must realize that you are courting a woman. She may be rich or poor, stout or slim, ugly or beautiful, ignorant or learned, but she is nevertheless primarily a woman." He cleared his throat, which action was certainly needed after so grandiloquent a beginning. "Now, all women are fundamentally the same. There are minor variations, of course, but if you understand one woman perfectly, you will be able to cope successfully with all others. This is not as easy as it seems, for woman is a very complex organism. I think that I can best explain by giving a hypothetical case. Let us presume that you are calling on the one whose favor you wish to gain."

"But," I objected, "how am I to know that she wants me to call?"

"Why, my dear boy, always assume that you are always welcome, that every woman is eager to see you. Keep uppermost in your mind the poet's warning about faint heart and fair lady. Now, as you enter, take especial care to see whether there is anything unusual or new either in the room or about the person of the young lady. By all means notice something and comment upon its beauty, fitness, and the like. If you should not comment upon her new dress, or shoes, or the brand of her perfume, you might as well abandon all hopes of success. Remember that the things that are mere trifles to the male take on colossal proportions to the eyes of the female. As you take your seat, be very nonchalant (even to the point of lighting a Murad). Be very unctuous and at ease. You might start off the conversation with a comment upon the weather. Probably the greatest difficulty you will encounter is the mastery of the language of the eyes and sighs. Remember that every glance, every look, every stare, every twinkle, every sigh speaks vol-

umes, and it is expected of you to translate and interpret all of them with their nice shades of meaning. You yourself must sigh frequently, and swallow hard. Appear to be worried. If you have no troubles, imagine some. It is woman's nature to comfort and to sympathize with sufferers, and sympathy is soon converted into love. She will do most of the talking, but you must learn to reply skillfully. Acquire a large stock of those sweet nothings which sound sweetest to the feminine ear. If you can perform any sort of tricks, or throw your fingers out of joint, or recite ditties and sentimental poetry, by all means make occasion to display your talents. Later in the evening, suggest that she play the piano. She will at first refuse, but finally agree on the condition that you will sing. Do not refuse: you can undoubtedly sing as well as she can play. Never seem to be bored; hang upon her every word as if the destiny of the nation depended upon it. You must, of course, spasmodically bring flowers and candy. Look sheepish whenever you see her and—"

"Wait," I cried in despair, "do not education, understanding, common sense, count for anything?"

"No," he replied. "Love-making is an art without any connection with anything reasonable and sensible. It stands in itself alone."

"Then proceed no further. I see that I shall never be a successful wooer."

TO AURELIA

By Howard Berry

Dear, could you wish that I be silent, cold
  As Egypt's Sphinx, which, built of heartless stone,
  Has never known love's passion, never flown
In dreams beyond the worldly things that hold
Us helpless slaves? - - - Nay, I would be this bold:
  Would sing my songs to you, would low intone
  My ardent words of love, and for my own
Would claim you, dear, your lovely charms enfold.

For years my heart has yearned for you, yet I
  Have kept my lips sealed tight, my songs unsung,
Have never voiced my soul's repressed cry
  For you, and love, and dreams that have upsprung.
Aurelia, mine is not a love to die,
  But will live on and sing with love's own tongue.

THE GHOST

By H. Manly

"Look, My Lord, It Comes!" Hamlet, Act I, Scene IV.

THERE it goes again! I know I am awake. I am as much awake as when I heard it precisely a week ago. There can be no error, for sister has heard it, too. She has her superstitions about Wednesday, anyway. I—we will see. Rollo! Rollo! The boy is asleep. It will take more than a whisper to wake him. Get the pistol, Rollo: it is the burglar. Yes, the pistol. The pistol, yes—he is still asleep. There! No, this way. Come on tip-toe. How my hand trembles! Curses! I stumble against a table in the hallway. We will scare the robber off, Rollo. Avoid that confounded little table—here: the stairway is here. I am glad Rollo is with me. I would be afraid to go by myself. Hold a moment. The thing has stopped moving. Ah, it also ran against something. Step softly on each stairstep. Are you frightened? The boy says he is not. Well, he is a brave boy, to say the least. Easy, my friend. My heart is jumping. There is little danger till we reach bottom. You must not step on loose planks. My, is the whole staircase coming down? That was you, Rollo. Be careful. Here we are. Keep back. I will look. . . . God! . . .

I recoil in terror. Stand back—I almost choke the boy in my grip. I can say nothing. . . . Do not look, Rollo. My hair feels funny. Something is running up and down my spine, and my whole back and all my muscles are rigid. The blood leaves my face. I can feel it. Why are my fists clenched so? God, how sudden! It was clothed in white, and was walking to and fro. The contour of the figure stood out against the window pane. A kind of circle, yes. Between the buffet and the table. Hush! You will see it, too? Only one glance. . . .

Look! It is carrying its shoulders high. I didn't know ghosts did that. It comes close to the door. If it gets nearer, I'll run. No, it turns back, and swaggers across the room. Now it turns and goes about. It stares always straight ahead. What is that—hair on its head? Oh, yes, when a corpse is buried, the hair keeps on growing. I remember now. Yonder it comes again, swerving to the left. What a skinny foot! Its whole frame is withered. I can picture its hollow face. A spectre is not noiseless. This one walks heavily. Here it comes a second time. Lord! It sees us, and is trying to frighten us back: it is waving its bony arms above its head! Let's go, Rollo. The boy will not budge. I think he is frozen. Thank Heaven! It has turned again, but still holds up its arms. Will those claw-like hands never drop? I think it is quite awkward. It bumps against a chair. My, the thing swore! So spectres swear, then. . . . It extends its arms more and more, as if in desperation. I am not frightened, however. I will stand firm. Yonder. . . . The two arms are clasped above the head. It is about to pray, I believe. But, no. There is a familiar sigh of thankfulness. Did it say "Eureka?" I hear a click, and a flood of light falls upon white pajamas and a bushy, paternal head.

HAPPINESS

By A Dreamer

YOUTH stood on the shore of Life. And, lo, the Bluebird, Happiness, flew over his head. And Youth said, "I will chase this Bluebird, Happiness, until I catch her, then I shall bring her back and lock her up, to be mine forevermore." So Youth broke all of the ties that bound him and started confidently out on his quest for Happiness.

At first Youth was exuberant. He said, "I shall catch Happiness in a few days, then she shall abide with me." He ran on with all of his might, but always Happiness stayed just out of his reach. Then Youth became exhausted, but he said, "I will not turn back. I will catch this Bluebird even though it take a lifetime."

So Youth went on and on until he came to the Land of Sin. As he viewed this land, it pleased him, and he said, "Surely I shall catch Happiness in this fair land." So he entered. He went through the Valley of Forgetfulness and descended the Hill of Gay Campanions. Once he nearly caught the Bluebird, but even as he reached out to clutch her, she flew, and he lost sight of her. And Youth did not perceive that time was passing, for Youth is wont to live as if he had eternity before him. But he said, "I will catch Happiness," and started out again.

On and on he travelled, now very weary, until he came to the Realm of Worldliness. It was very beautiful, and he said, "Surely Happiness is there." He climbed the Slope of Wealth until he rested on the Plateau of Fame. But Happiness always evaded him. And he looked up, and there was Happiness perched on the Peak of Position. "I know that if I can only climb the Peak of Position, I shall catch Happiness," said he. Then he armed himself with the Staff of Influential Friends, put on the Cloak of Hypocrisy, and started on his long and perilous climb. Up, up, up he went, but his progress was exceedingly slow. Frequently he stepped on the Rocks of Failure and slid back, losing some of the ground that had been so hard to gain. Once he was on the verge of the Cliff of Ruin. Then he felt like giving up and turning back, but he looked up and saw Happiness still perched on the peak, preening her feathers. And he said, "I shall go on; this time I cannot fail."

After a long and tedious climb, Youth finally attained the Peak of Position. He reached out to seize Happiness, but even as he had her in his grasp, she fluttered and flew. Youth looked in his hands and saw that he had retained only a few of the feathers of Happiness. He looked out and saw her flying farther and farther away. Youth fondled these feathers for awhile, but he soon tired of them. Then he descended the Peak of Position and entered the Valley of Despair. And he wept. For the first time he realized how much time he had lost in his quest of Happiness; for the first time he noticed the silver that sprinkled his hair and the stoop that had come in his shoulders. And he said, "No longer can I call myself Youth. Henceforth I shall be known as Middle Age. But I won't

give up. Yet once more I shall attempt to catch Happiness."

So again he started, this time more painfully and more slowly than before, for Middle Age is not as vigorous and care-free as Youth is. He plodded on until he came to the Land of Education. And he said, "Happiness must dwell there." He went over the Hill of History until he reached the Springs of Literature. Here he drank deeply, but Happiness still flew ahead of him. Then he toiled up the Mountain of Science, with all of its rocks and cliffs, but Happiness was not there. He stopped to drink at the Well of Philosophy, for his climb had made him thirsty. He looked up and saw the ethereal Clouds of Art, and, as he looked, he fancied that he saw Happiness flying among them. Eagerly he climbed on up until he reached the ethereal Clouds of Art, but he found that he had been following an illusion. Happiness was not there.

Then Middle Age wept bitterly and said, "I have failed; I must return home without Happiness." So he started on his long, long journey back home. When he reached his home he entered, saying, "I have failed, I shall never obtain Happiness."

As he laid his head on the table to weep, Middle Age saw an old, old book which somehow he had never noticed before. He opened it and read, "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God, for God is love." And again, "This is my commandment, that ye love one another." Middle Age became thoughtful. Then he arose and hastened out to the Valley of Want. There he saw an old man named Suffering Humanity. And he helped him up, and gave him to eat, and to drink, and clothed him and sent him on his way. Coming back, he went to the home of Pure Woman, his boyhood sweetheart, and he brought her to his home to dwell with him. And he said, "I love you." And she replied, "I love you."

As they were in each other's embrace, they heard a fluttering at the window. The Bluebird, Happiness, flew in and lit on the fireplace.

Then Middle Age knew that where Love is, Happiness is wont to dwell.

THAT BROTHER O' HANDLEY'S

By Albert L. Allen

I DON'T quite see as how Handley stood him, onless we lay it to his oncommon patience, and his hope to git even with him by and by. 'Cause some said they was twins, anyhow, and everybody knows as how they ain't much love lost even atween siblings. They was pretty much alike, exceptin' Handley was smart and his brother wasn't, and Handley did all the work whilst his brother didn't do nothin' but cook a little, and read a little, and use a big word now and then, and philosophize. Handley 'ud tell him—'cause Handley was a industrious lad—as how philosophizing didn't put a jot o' butter on no man's bread or a picayune in no man's pocket. Moreover, Handley went on to say, he didn't

believe hisself justified in dividing his nuggets he had prospected around for, and dug up, with his brother, onless it was 'cause he was his brother, as a matter o' fact, after all.

"You know, Hansom," Handley 'ud tell him, "I believes it oncourages idleness."

"I think you are puhfectly justified, Handley," his brother 'ud answer, "and atween me and you, I wouldn't worry myself any on them grounds."

Then Handley 'ud swear under his breath, and allow to hisself as to what he'd do if it wasn't for his mother's charge to him two year ago come August. 'Cause Handley knowed about the understood rivulry atween him and his brother, which he said — and justly, I thinks — wasn't there by no right under Heaven. But this here Hansom had a worse habit than that. He'd thieve what was Handley's on the sly, whether it was Handley's money, or his half the beans, or anything else that by division was Handley's.

"Look hyar," said Handley one morning, noticing him in a pair o' new leggin's that he had just brought home, "I wish you'd use some o' that gold dust what I done divided with you, and keep your hands offn' my property. This sort o' thing is gittin' entirely too reg'lar."

And about that time Hansom 'ud look philosophically at him, and ax him, "Have you ever noticed, brother Handley, as how sweet them things are what don't cost nothin'?"

Lawd, how Handley 'ud rave, 'cause he knowed Hansom was savin' up just to git ahead o' him, but he didn't say nothing about that, but consarned and confounded his brother ontil it was right bad.

"Do you mean them words as a approach, Handley? Don't forgit Mother back home, son."

So Handley had to go at it on another line. It struck Handley as how he might git all o' Hansom's funds blowed up on a leaky investment, and then his brother wouldn't be in the race with him a-tall.

"Whaddo you think o' this here Fretkin Hotel," axed he reflectively one night whilst removing his muddy boots, knowin' full and well as how hotels just can't thrive in a section where everybody lives in a cabin till they strikes gold, and then checks out, or don't strike it, and then don't live nowhere on this world—"this here new hotel what they want people to take stock in?"

"I just dunno what to think about it," obsuhved Hansom, " 'Pears to me as how some people, by means on a little shrewdness, can take it easy the rest o' their lives, whilst other folks who ain't got none, lives in a continual puspiration."

"I s'pose that last has refunce to me?" axed Handley, with thoughts to all appearunce on the prospect o' the Fretkin Hotel.

"It might and it mightn't. But what I can't see is why as you don't git inter-ested yourself in this here Fretkin Hotel? If a pusson," he says with a agonized look, "if a pusson only could use somebody else's funds."

"I's very muchly inter-ested," obsuhved Handley casually, lookin' down on a piece o' paper what he was figurin' on.

But the trick didn't have no effect on Hansom.

"Dawgone it," says Handley without any obv'ous reason one night after he had made a lucky find. "Dawgone it," he repeated to hisself—he was studyin' his brother who was

enjoying one o' his Trichinopolies—"and still I can give him his half—for Mother's sake. But I ain't got to allus identify same. What kills part o' my joy is why I ain't thought of it afore now."

Handley made a circle in the air, and stopped it off short with a snap o' the fingers, and then grabbed up his loins, and busied hisself with settin' the cabin in order right away. Next mornin' Handley come a-draggin' of a dirty old chest, and a ha' dozen bags—the last containin' various no 'count odds and ends — toward Hansom, disinterested-like, you know, and says:

"I leaves these here in your care whilst I go home for a few months on business." He stopped a minute whilst Hansom looked hard at the objects, 'cause he knowed as how Hansom would wanna go with him. "I comes back after that time."

Now afore Hansom registered his desire to go along, too, he wanted fust to see what them bags and chest contained. There ain't no doubt he was the oncommonest white man — well, uh, Gentile — for appropriatin' other people's stuff that ever come West. And Handley knowed as how he'd find out pretty quick, and find gold in the chest at that, only not knowin' it was his'n.

So Handley went truckin' home, carryin' his hard earned gold dust, and Hansom fell smack in the trap, and chuckled down in his throat and ordered no end o' good rye from Durango, and no end o' Trichinopolies, and so forth, and so forth, and a fine hackney coach which he couldn't use much around Cuttle Creek, and a mulatto boy and a dog to keep him company, but all that didn't suffice him, ontil finally he got in his hackney coach, and went down for a two months' res'dunce in Durango. And after he had done all that he didn't chuckle so much, 'cause the money went pretty slow. So during the next month he took a trip out to San Francisco, and increased the intake of rye and Trichinopoly smoke, and got back to Cuttle Creek afore Handley, and looked about for sich improvements as he might make in that partic'lar section as well. 'Cause he said he enjoyed spendin' money that wasn't hisn'.

"Well, how was Mother?" he axed, rubbing his eyes to make shore it was Handley he saw building a fire early one morning.

"Don't say nothin' to me," answered Handley. "I feel like leavin' Colorado fer good. Here I slaves, and accumulates a little gold dust, and goes to take it home fer purposes o' depositin' and gits robbed. And here I comes back and finds two guys have bought up Birkham Lands which I was a-goin' to, and gits unheerd-of finds. And they'll git home with it safe and sound and live happily ever after. I s'pose, though," he drawled with pretended unconsarn, lookin' in vain fer the chest, "I s'pose you have kept my waluables well?"

Now this here important question was brung up so carelessly—fer his brother anyway—that Hansom just couldn't stand it. Since he was a child, Hansom never could stand to be got away with, nohow.

"Well, I b'leeve so," he says drily, "all exceptin' that old chest, which I gave to a pore prospector to bury his wife in."

Handley knowed as how he had to win out at last, so he went on, mighty indifferent like.

"Un hunh. It was just half-full o' gold, Hansom."

Here Hansom fell a-ponderin', 'cause his brother was gittin' worse'n ever.

"Oh, I took—uh—I took the gold out, o' course," says Hansom, not to be outdone.

"And," continues Handley, feeling fine, "I sees the mulatto boy in the cabin, and a hackney coach in the yard, and I infers that you done spent it all, as you allus do what ain't yourn, so I an-antissipates your answer, and adds that it was your half our last find."

With that there revelation, Hansom got disturbed, and dropped all his put-on.

"Bedad," he says, risin' to his feet alarumed, "hear that, boy—where's that there mulatto—my half—my half," says he again, his eyes roamin' round something wild.

He 'peared quite exhausted, Hansom did, and shet up a minute, and couldn't do more'n set back down.

"Oughta told me, Handley," he goes on. "Now here I has been livin' high—Trichinopolies—drinks—took a trip out to Sanci Frisco. . . . Didn't know it was mine—risked half interest in the uh—"

Hansom's memory was pore, and he couldn't allus call names.

"Fretkin Hotel," supplies Handley.

"Naw—what's the name—you called it while ago — Birkham Lands. Birkham Lands."

At this p'int, Hansom looked up kind o' wistfully at a painting he had hung on the wall.

"From Sanny Frisco," says he. "Oughta see Sanny Frisco, Handley. It is the city with a Golden Gate."

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EDITORIALS

The Cost

Nothing is truly great that didn't cost something. Nothing lives unless something dies. No great invention just happened to be. No great discovery just made itself evident. No great poem just flowed from the pen of the poet. No great story sprang full-grown from the mind of the writer. No great song burst automatically from the soul of the poet. Back of every great invention, and discovery, and poem, and story, and song there have been yearnings and strivings, tears and blood, failure and sacrifices, and—triumph.

There is no primrose path to true greatness.

Folly?

A woman, three small children and a hound dog were walking along the road, all four apparently oblivious to what was going on around them. The woman was leading the procession, two bare-foot boys with dirty faces and ragged overalls came next. Then the hound dog shambled lazily along, followed by a baby, still in dresses, who was picking his painful way over the rocks. The head of the procession reached the railroad track, and, for the first time, it was observed that a train was rushing madly down upon them. The mother became frantic. The instinctive maternal love surged up within her. She shoved the two overalled boys across and motioned to the baby, who had not yet reached the track, to stay where he was. The train was rushing on. The mother breathed again. All of her little brood were safe. Just at that moment, the children began to cry. The dog, their playmate, had walked up on the track, and was standing between the rails, not realizing that he was about to be ground to pieces.

"Joe, Joe!" screamed the children.

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"Joe!" cried the mother.

The dog remained motionless. He was glued to the spot by fear and the thunder of the pounding rails. The train was only a few yards away now. Quick as a flash, the mother started toward the dog. The whistle screamed; the children cried; the mother ran on. She reached the track, put her arms around the dog, and jumped. Sw-ish! The engine had passed. There was a tense moment. The engineer looked anxiously out. The fireman ran to the window. The train continued on its way.

The mother, the three small children, and the hound dog also continued on their way. The children were smiling; the dog was wagging his tail. On the face of the mother there was an expression of calm and contentment.

"I wouldn't do what you did for all the dogs in the world," said a lean man, who had breathlessly witnessed the whole drama.

"Well, I would do it again for Joe," retorted the mother, and the happy procession passed on.

Was she foolish, or did she love?

A River

There is something inexpressibly beautiful about a river. We can stand on a bridge that spans a mighty river and gaze with untiring eyes at the writhings and twistings of this great serpent as it moves on to the sea. And then, we like to get in a boat and go with it

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as it moves, now madly, now quietly, but always constantly on its journey. We like to follow it as it conforms with its bed, now becoming so wide that it scarcely seems to move; now rushing through the gorge with irresistible force. Now it moves with the gentleness of a lamb; now it bounds over the cataract with the fierceness of a lion. The vastness, the depth, the inexorableness of the water inspire us with such awe and thrills us with such joy that we are delighted anew each time that we stand and ponder over this mighty creation of God.

The river is symbolic of this life of ours. We, too, are making a journey to the great infinite Beyond. Now we seem to be standing still; again we seem to be going all too rapidly, but we, like the river, are moving incessantly toward our destination. We come to the peaceful wide places in life, and here our souls are so tranquil and happy that they would like to linger. But we must leave these for the gorges. Now our journey is pleasant and smooth; now we are dashed against the rocks and hurled down the cataracts of life, but still we move onward, ever onward to the Sea.

May our characters be as deep as the depth of the river; our contact with those around us as refreshing and helpful as is a river in a barren land. May we be able to adapt ourselves to the ever-changing circumstances of life, even as the river adapts itself to the ever-changing shape of its bed. And may we, like the river, flow on and on, incessantly on through this land that we call Life, until we reach and become a part of that vast Ocean of Eternity!

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EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ALBERT ALLEN, *Editor*

"The Exchange" has sat down in an easy chair, carefully adjusting its nose-spectacles, and at present awaits with all serenity the first college issue that shall find way to its desk. The department is well stocked with pens—having no less than four within reach at this writing—and delights in announcing that each individual instrument is a thoroughbred pen—nothing else—while such weapons as probes, scalpels, and retorts have been gathered up and pitched without ceremony into the street. . . .

But there is this to be said about a pen: metaphorically, the thing can sometimes get waspish; and sometimes, certainly, there is provocation. "The Exchange" will venture to express the hope that when the literary collegiate is asked to show his powers—which, to be sure, are merely latent—it will be explained to him that a touch of reflection is necessary—as Goethe has it, one must "look in his heart" before he writes. At least, he must assuredly look somewhere. The basic explanation of nothing is to be found in the law that like produces like. . . . Yet the most execrable of all things is condensed nothing. . . .

Having issued this dark warning, "The Exchange" sits back again with a sensation of confidence. The department believes to a man that some true college literature is going to be circulated, and looks forward to reviewing it.

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TO PART FROM YOU

By Howard Berry

To part from you
Is like a dawn,
That glowing red
At once is gone,
And leaves instead

A raging storm
Of blackest night
That fills my soul
With wild affright.

Where shall I go?
What shall I do?—
Without a friend,
Away from you?

NATHAN

By Howard Pegram

NATHAN LAMAR moved his foot slowly back and forth, giving motion to the long lever which, in turn, connected by a rod to the crank shaft, gave motion to a solid horizontal wheel. As the wooden disc revolved, the old man skillfully applied his fingers to the lump of slate-colored clay which rested upon it. Gradually the shapeless mass took form, rose, and became an earthen pitcher. As it always did when he was at work, keen satisfaction showed in the old man's bright blue eyes.

"Thar," he muttered to himself. "She's a perfect thing. Ain't done this fer years fer nothing."

Hands on knees, he straightened his drooping shoulders and looked long at the delicate curves in the wet clay. Then his head sank slightly so that his white beard touched the front of his shirt.

"But 't ain't wuth it," he said half aloud. He often spoke to an imaginary listener when he was at work. "Give my life, my whole life, jest to make jugs and pitchers fer folks."

A figure appeared in the doorway of the work-shop, paused a moment, and then entered. It was that of a sturdy farmer of fifty-two or -three. He had a friendly appearance, and his pipe, held between merry lips, gave him the air of a man who is content with life and the world.

"Hi, Nath, ain't you ever goin' to stop that work and get more sociable?" His voice was deep and hearty. "You been workin' sun-up to sun-down lately, and it ain't good for you. Take this summer weather. Ought to get out."

"Jest got to work, John," Nathan replied in a monotone as he turned toward his visitor. Thar's a good market fer my stuff now, and I figger I might 's well make hay while the sun is shinin'."

"Work yourself to death, eh? No use. Take it easy, an' if ever you need any help, you know who'll stand by you."

"Thet ain't it, John," Nathan replied. "I been workin' all my life at this, and it ain't wuth it. I plumb missed a lot of things, I reckon. And now I want to give Benny a chanst so he won't do the same thing. Pore kid, his ma dead since he was a young un, and his Pa—his Pa!"

Nathan's eyes lit with a glow of anger. He clenched his hands slightly.

"Left my Lucy, my only daughter, an' left their son! No, he had to come back onct and take Benny away—two-three year. An' he got in jail. Penitensh'ry, they called it, an' they sent Benny back, jest a year ago."

"Yes, yes; I know. And he's all you got now, exceptin', of course, Miz Lamar."

"Yeah, he's all. An' I ain't goin' to have him go on like I done. He kin be somethin'. I'm goin' to make him somethin', jest like I make a purty pitcher from a lump of clay."

There was a pause. John Stander, seated on a rather dirty box, one hand in a pocket of his overalls, puffed thoughtfully on his pipe. Nathan's manner was again soft, his face relaxed, as he thought of Benny. He

would make Benny the sort of man that he wished now he had become; he would make Benny a man who knew things and who could profit thereby. Benny should live in a fine house in the city and be a lawyer or a doctor or a business man. And an education was what could shape him into such a man.

This attitude of Nathan's was not a result of his knowledge of just how an education would help. Of this he had no idea. Nor was it a result of the pressure of popular opinion, for he was scarcely touched by this force in life. His own observations had shown him that the big men had gone to school, and it seemed to him that there was no other difference between himself, an illiterate potter, and them.

"You talk about how you've done," Stander broke in, "and yet it 'pears to me that you've had a mighty happy life. You ain't had to be in dusty, dirty cities, or shovel coal on an engine, or work in a mill. Man, it's a sight better out here in the country. You don't get rich, maybe, but you have health an' a good time an' make a livin'."

"Mebby so." Nathan thought for a moment or two. It really had been enjoyable in many ways. Memory came to him of the winter days when his tiny fire glowed to warm him while his joyous fingers shaped the clay; of the nights when he and Maria sat in simple happiness and comfort before the great fireplace; of the glorious awakening of the forests about him in the springtime; of the cheery scorch of summer suns and the calm of summer evenings. Then there had been the fall—many falls—when together he and Maria had gathered chestnuts amid the wild splendor of color which had come over all the woods and fields. There were his friends who lived nearby, and there was his great friendship with Stander. It was after all, he admitted, a fairly good lot.

But the bewildering swirl of life in the class which possessed more money (gained by means of the mysterious power which an education gives one), and the apparent power and happiness with which its members seemed to be endowed, had impressed Nathan deeply when on one or two occasions he had come in contact with the more favored. In this case, he had never stopped to analyze. A sort of philosopher in his way, he had failed to tear to tatters some problems, and so had failed to get the realities of them. The confinement of his own life and ways sometimes blinded him to the beauties and truths in life which are denied to no one, and he saw the prosperous class only at a distance.

"No, no, John," he said at length, "I'm goin' to send him away where he can learn somethin'. He's sixteen now, an' I been sendin' him to the school here in the country. Now I'm goin' to take him to Ronson and let him go to the—the high school thar."

"Maybe," replied Stander, "he'd do purty well here. Farming, and such things, ain't so bad in a lot of ways."

That evening, after the work was done, Stander sat on the porch and thought. He had a great liking for old Nathan; he admired the old man's rough honesty and his industriousness. But he realized that Nathan knew very little of anything outside his own narrow world. Stander, having had more

experience, was a better judge of practical matters.

"I don't like it," he told his wife. "Benny'd be all right if he was here, maybe; but you can't never tell about him if he'd get out. His Pa was no good, and it had a bad effect on Benny, bein' with such a rotter for two years. It ud kill the old man if Benny went back on him. He raised him, and he's all the old chap's got. Nath sees his own life goin' on and bein' made great in Benny, but—I don't know. Nath wouldn't be half as hurt if the boy was to die as if he was to turn out bad. But maybe Nath's right when he says you can make anything out of a boy, same as you can make a lot of things out of a lump of clay—pitchers, jugs, and such things."

That evening Benny, a curly-haired boy with an habitual smirk on his oily face and a slight droop to his shoulders, came into his grandfather's little house and sat down at the table. Slumping down in his chair, he considered his ragged shirt sleeve for a few moments.

"Ma!" he called. He had been taught to call Mrs. Lamar by this name rather than "grandma." "Ma, ain't there some hot biscuits? I'm awful hungry."

"Why, Hon,"—the old woman shambled in from the kitchen where she had been washing dishes—"I kep' some in the stove fer you, but you stayed so late that the fire went plumb out. I got some good cornbread fer you, though, an,—"

"Might of kept up the fire a little longer," he interrupted sullenly. "I'm hungry, and nothin' good to eat."

"But, Hon, you oughta got here sooner."

"Well, I couldn't. Been down the branch. Long way."

"Why don't you help your Pa some, Benny?" The old woman stood with arms akimbo and looked with fond yet vaguely troubled eyes at the boy. "He needs somebody to help round the pott'ry, an' he does so much fer you."

"Aw, huh! I just can't. I ain't goin' to be no potter, anyway, an' it's just not right to ast me to waste a whole day thata way, when it wouldn't mean a penny more."

Mrs. Lamar shrugged her shoulders. Although she was very fond of her grandson, it annoyed her to think of he way he was spending his time. Never at home during the day, he was here and there about the country. Stander had heard a rumor or so about watermelon patches which had been raided and implements in the fields which had been tampered with, but, blinding his practical eye, he looked for the best. Never did he hint to Nathan that he had heard anything.

"A'right, Hon," Mrs. Lamar said as she turned away.

Then Nathan came in. He had hinted to Benny about his plans, but had never told him definitely about the school in Ronson.

"Benny," said Nathan, "I want to talk to you a spell."

"What about?" The boy was suspicious, he expected a lecture.

"About what you're goin' to do now."

"Aw, let's go on just like this. I s'pose you want me to help you round your kiln, or somethin'."

"No, Benny. I been thinkin', now that you hev finished the seventh grade, it ud be fine

if you went to Ronson to the high school. I ain't ever had no chanst, Benny, an' I ain't nothin' much. Can't even read an' write. But I reckon it's a education that makes a man, seein' as how all them that's got money has one.

"I got a few dollars saved up, an' I want to send you to Ronson to board and go to school."

Benny sat for a minute in silence. He seemed to be considering, weighing matters in his mind.

"Oh, all right. I reckon I'll go, then," he said at last.

"And you'll not be sorry, I reckon. I'm goin' to help you all I kin, Benny, an' you'll grow to be a man like the ones that own the mills, an' all. Fall is about here; so I'll be gettin' you ready purty soon."

The second week in September Nathan borrowed Stander's horse and buggy, loaded it with Benny's few belongings, and, with the boy beside him, started out on the eight mile drive.

"Benny, boy," the old man said as the horse broke into a trot, "you got to go on through the schools. I ain't got nothin' but you any more. S'far as I go, I'd like better if you was always near me an' Maria, an' I reckon she would, too. But it's on account of how we love you that we want you to do this.

"An' be keerful, boy. If you was to do somethin' bad like I hear some young fellers do, it ud kill me, shure. 'T wouldn't make me feel as bad if you was to die, because there's somethin' that seems to know better'n we do about that."

Benny endured the lecture—it lasted most of the way to Ronson—and he thought his own thoughts. He found a place to board and in a few days had made friends with some of the mill boys who were in school.

The next few weeks were some of the happiest of Nathan's life. Now his dream was partly realized; Benny was in high school. When the cooler weather came, Nathan did not work so hard, but sat in front of his house and dreamed dreams. And it was a time for dreaming. All the woods and fields before him were taking on the characteristic appearance of autumn. Splotches of color appeared here and there, cool breezes brought leaves trembling to the ground, and the sky showed blue, clear and bright.

Nathan reviewed his life and it now seemed to him that it was a rather happy one. True, it had not been a successful one according to conventional standards, but what of that? Now Benny would take it up and do the things—Nathan did not know just what things—that he felt vaguely he would have liked to do. Benny would be a success. He would ride in a fine car and sit behind a desk. It was no longer hope for the potter, but it was certainty.

Life that is living, strong and vigorous, raised to such heights of ecstacy by scenes and memories which it loves, never hopes. It is always certain. And so in this Indian summer of his life Nathan knew. It could not be otherwise.

One day he received a letter from the principal of the school at Ronson. When Stander came the next time Nathan asked him to read it. As he scanned the typed page and

the report card, the farmer's face clouded. However, a second later he was smiling.

"What is it?" asked Nathan. "He ain't sick or nothin', is he?"

"No, he's well enough. It's a report—tells how good he is gettin' along in his lessons. And the principal wrote a letter to you, too. Says Benny's gettin' along all right."

"I knowed he would, John. He's goin' to do fine," Nathan beamed.

After he had gone, Stander's face became troubled. The report showed that Benny was passing on nothing, and the letter stated that his conduct was bad and requested that Mr. Lamar speak to him about it. Stander knew that he could never face Nathan and tell him these facts. He had lied about the letter before he had planned any course, and now he saw no way in which he could prevent the truth eventually coming to Nathan.

Next day he went to Ronson to see Benny. The boy was sullen during the interview, but promised before Stander left that he would "do better." This was not a great satisfaction to Stander, but it was the best he could do at the time. So he decided to wait a few weeks and see if Benny changed in any way.

A week later the heading of an article in the paper caught his eye and sent him running to Nathan's house. He found the old man sitting on the porch, a look of contentment on his face.

"Well, John, I got a telegraph this mornin'," he said, smiling. "I bet it's from the school an' tells how good Benny's gettin' along. Been waitin' fer you to come so you could read it to me."

Had he been in a less happy mood he would have seen the expression on Stander's face, but he took no notice. He got up, stooped much more of late, and went into the house. Here he got the telegram and handed it to Stander, who had followed. In a second the farmer took in the meaning of the two rows of capital letters. It confirmed the news article.

Stander was desperate. His mind worked quick. Only one way seemed open.

"Nathan," he said, and his voice was no longer the hearty voice of John Stander, "Nathan, they say Jesus Christ died to save men."

"That they do," was the reply, the tone still cheerful and happy. "But what about —that?"

"I'm—I'm comin' to it. Do you admire Him for dyin' for men, Nathan?"

"That I do. There's nothin' greater'n to die to save somebody else, I reckon."

"Nathan, Benny—did—that!"

"God!"

The single word came from the old man. His shoulders sagged. His head dropped until his chin rested on his breast. Then he walked slowly to the mantle and rested his arms upon it.

"It's a—a noble way to die, Nathan." Stander came up slowly and placed a hand on his friend's shoulder. "I saw it in the paper and was comin' to tell you. He—he was out with one of his—friends when a man came up and drew a pistol. He stepped in front of his friend to save him, and—" the voice broke. Sorrow for the pathetic figure before him swept through Stander. His heart

seemed to grow warm to melting. Tears were in the eyes of both.

Suddenly Nathan straightened.

"The greater Bein' saw best, I reckon. An' —an' it's a great thing. I'm proud of my Benny!"

A silence.

"If he can't—can't go on where I left off, the boy he saved—has a chanst." It was a great philosopher who now spoke.

"You—tell Maria, Nathan. You just stay here. I'll see about the body, and all, for you."

"Much obliged."

Again the old man was overwhelmed by feeling; he sank down into a chair.

Stander, affected as he had never been for many years, left to prepare for his journey.

"I got, I *got* to keep it always a secret. I'll fix it at Ronson—for Nathan's sake," he muttered over and over on his way home.

This was what he had read in the paper:

"One of the youthful would-be safe-crackers, in an attempt to resist the officer, was shot through the heart. His name, it was learned, was Ben Lamar."

FRANZ PETER SCHUBERT

By Madison Ferguson

THE Master Melodist, Franz Schubert, was born on the 31st of January, 1797, in the Himmelpfortgrund, a small suburb of Vienna. His father, Franz, son of a Moravian peasant, was a parish schoolmaster; his mother, Elizabeth Fitz, had before marriage been a cook in a Viennese family. Of their fourteen children, nine died in infancy; the others were Ignaz, Ferdinand, Karl, Franz and a daughter, Theresia. His father, a man of worth and integrity, possessed some reputation as a teacher, and his school in the Lichtenthal was well attended. He was also a fair amateur musician and he transmitted his own measure of skill to his children.

At the age of five, Schubert began to receive regular instruction from his father. At six he entered the Lichtenthal school, where he spent some of the happiest years of his life. About the same time his musical education began. His father taught him the rudiments of the violin; his brother, Ignaz, the rudiments of the pianoforte. At seven, having outstripped these simple teachers, he was placed under the charge of Michael Holzer, the Kapellmeister of the Lichtenthal church.

In October, 1808, he was received as a scholar at the convent, which, under Salieri's direction, had become the chief music school of Vienna. It had the special office of training the choristers for the Court Chapel. Here he remained until he was nearly seventeen. Many of the most devoted friends of his after life were among his school-fellows:

Spaun and Stadler and Holzapfel, and a score of others. They helped him out of their slender pocket-money, bought him music paper which he could not buy for himself, and gave him loyal support and encouragement.

In 1816, when he was only 19 years old, he wrote two of his most famous songs, "The Erlking" and "The Wanderer."

In December, 1823, he finished the opera, "Alfonso and Estrella." One of Schubert's finest works, the "Unfinished Symphony," also dates from this period. This fragment consists of the first and second movements, which are familiar to concert-goers, and nine bars of the Scherzo. These are fully scored, but with them the manuscript comes to a complete stop, not even the most meagre sketch of the remainder having been discovered. This exquisite fragment was not heard until 1865, when it was rendered in Vienna.

Schubert is best summed up in the well-known phrase of Liszt: he was "le musicien le plus poetique qui fut jamais." In clarity of style, he was inferior to Mozart; in power of musical construction, he was far inferior to Beethoven; but in poetic impulse and suggestion, he is unsurpassed. He wrote always at headlong speed. He seldom blotted a line, and the greater part of his work bears, in consequence, the essential mark of improvisation: it is fresh, vivid, spontaneous, impatient of restraint, full of rich color and of warm imaginative feeling. He was the greatest song-writer who ever lived.

Of the modern song, Schubert is not only the originator, but, to this very day, the unsurpassed master. Development—and even advance in certain directions—there undoubtedly has been, yet Schubert is not equalled by any of his successors in spontaneity, wealth of melody, and universality of expression. As Schumann truly said: "He has strains for the most subtle thoughts and feeling—nay, even for the very events and conditions of life; and innumerable as are the shades of human thought and aspiration, so various is his music. Whatever his eye beholds, whatever his hand touches, turns into music. He was the greatest after Beethoven, who, a sworn enemy of Philistinism, practiced music in the highest sense of the word."

Schubert is said to have written more than a thousand compositions. His songs have been divided into seven classes: religious, super-natural, symbolical, classical, descriptive, songs of meditation, songs of passion. He was literally killed by inspiration. Laboring under physical suffering, working with redoubled zeal, as if engaged in a contest for speed with death, smitten with the continued fever of production, he soon became exhausted. He died, at the age of 31, on November 19, 1828. He lived a life of poverty, of disappointments, and as he saw it, his life was a failure. But not as the world sees it. A century after his death, the world shows its approval of the line on Schubert's tombstone: "Music buried here a rich possession, and yet fairer hopes." And it is probable that a century hence, more than ever before, hearts will be touched by the impelling melodies of the great song-writer, for Schubert wrote in characters that humanity understands. His was the language that never dies.

THE THREE BUILDERS

By A Dreamer

WISDOM was passing by and, lo, he came to the place where thousands of workmen were busily engaged in erecting the Great Building — Life. He entered a low shack and found three stone-cutters chiselling on the Stones of Education. Wisdom approached the bench of the First Builder and watched him at his work. He noticed that the man was very careless. He was looking about, here and there, paying little attention to the design that he was cutting in his stone. Chips were flying in all directions. The Stone had no definite shape or proportion.

"My good man," inquired Wisdom, "what are you doing?"

"Why," replied the First Builder, "as you see, I am chiselling on the Stone of Education."

"What design are you making?"

"I know not."

"Where is your Stone to be placed?"

"I know not, nor care."

"Have you no purpose in chiselling your Stone; no plan to guide you?"

"None."

"Then, why do you work?"

"Why, for the reward that I shall get after my four years of labor, to be sure," replied the First Builder, irritably.

Wisdom walked on, slowly shaking his head, until he came to the bench of the Second Builder.

"And what are you doing, my good man?" he inquired as before.

"I am chiselling on the Stone of Education," replied the Second Builder, looking up.

"I see that you are more careful with your work than the First Builder is with his. Where is your Stone to be placed?"

"In the Building of Life."

"In what part of the Building of Life?"

"I know not. I am but designing my own Stone. I have not seen the plans of the whole Building."

Wisdom walked on, smiling, until he came to the bench of the Third Builder.

"My good man, what are you doing?"

"I am chiselling on the Stone of Education, which is to go into the Building of Life."

"In what part of Life is your Stone to be placed?"

"There, sir, you see the plan of the Building of Life. There is the exact position in which my Stone is to go. Knowing this. I must work very carefully in order to make my Stone fit. The design, you see, is very delicate."

"You do well, Third Builder," said Wisdom. "First Builder knows not even what he is doing. He is merely working for the reward which he is to receive. Second Builder is conscientious in his work. He is chiselling on his Stone which he knows is going somewhere in the Building of Life, but since he knows not in what part his Stone is to be placed, he cannot be as diligent in his work nor as careful in his design as you can, for you know exactly where your Stone is to be placed. Knowing this, you can do your work more intelligently and more perfectly. You see the plan of the whole. You do well."

And Wisdom, his face radiant, passed on.

MR. SELDYN GETS A LETTER

By Albert Allen

JOSEPH SELDYN, American to the core, was taking rapid strides to and fro before a lounge in the lobby of the Hotel Corday. A gentleman, smoking an English cigar, was seated on the lounge. Brusquely, the American turned upon him, and then the gentleman became aware that Mr. Seldyn was indubitably angry.

"What is the price of your silence?" the American glowered at him.

"One thousand sterling," said the gentleman. He had a cool way of talking through the cigar. "I leave at noon for Melbourne. I have need of it there. Voyaging third class."

The American paced hotly before the lounge, the blood rising even more to his temples. Finally, the gentleman crossed his legs. "I'm the only man in London that knows," reminded he, raising his voice. "And you are familiar with the Countess' temperament. 'Perfect' — that was the adjective. Despite her little vices—that of prying in particular—I believe your fondness for her is extreme."

"Chess, we broke off two days ago."

"Too bad," remarked the gentleman dryly. "I broke two months ago."

His irony was incredible, and Seldyn made no further effort to control himself. In fits of passion, he had often done things he was afterward sorry for. He stopped abruptly, and looked the man squarely in the eyes.

"You would not even come up to my room. You sit here and proclaim things that annoy me. I sometimes think I shall stop it all by publishing in 'The Times' the identity of my parents. Chess, you are a hound!"

Seldyn straightened, folding his arms, and still eyeing the gentleman. A wizened personage in livery had entered the lobby unobserved. Grimly he had been scrutinizing the two men. The American recoiled, and the gentleman pushed back his hat and gazed upon the man in livery. It was patent they recognized him. Without relaxing the tension of his countenance, the stranger bowed. He extended a missive to Seldyn.

"To Mr. Seldyn," said the man, "from the Countess—to be delivered to him in person." He bowed again and withdrew. He was profuse with his bows.

The face of the American had become almost white. Once more he confronted the gentleman with the cigar, but his voice was no longer natural.

"Do you know Bascombe? Let's see—the Countess told you who found you out—I have seen him before. That's Bascombe. You needn't tell the Countess about me, I suppose. And as for the 'London Times'—"

He pitched the sealed letter on the floor. It was quite American.

"Maybe Bascombe won't—how long—"

The gentleman's solicitude was thoroughly apparent. Seldyn had determined that this time they should both lose. Chess had spoken once too often—too loudly, and unwittingly

in the presence of Bascombe. Bascombe was an intriguer—why had he appeared with the Countess' missive at that critical instant? But for revealing the great flaw, Chess should suffer too. At the American's command, the gentleman accompanied him to the only telephone in the building. The gentleman became officious, even, and to be certain, he himself got the Countess—after twenty minutes. Seldyn approached the mouthpiece prepared—he would say it briefly, and the Countess should not get in a word. Two sentences came fast: her man Bascombe had probably arrived, and he, Seldyn, should not see her any more. There was a confused objection at the other end of the wire, but Seldyn ended it with a clang of the receiver. The gentleman Chess walked out of the lobby. And an American wandered across the floor till he reached the lounge. He dropped mechanically upon it.

. . . . . .

It was in the ballroom of the Hotel Corday, and fortunately, it was the second night within two weeks Seldyn had contrived to remain sober. On his part, however, the meeting was wholly unexpected. She brought up a time-worn excuse, or maybe she was, in reality, a little tired.

"Let us sit down," she objected in a sympathetic tone. "I want to ask—I am inclined somehow—"

He cut her short before she could say more. Joseph Seldyn was a man, and as a man he would accept the situation. After all, it was not his fault, but his parents'—or Bascombe's. He came to the point at once.

"That fellow of yours—the slim man—he really doesn't dress well—"

Seldyn's exordium was weak, even foolish. There had been no warning, and his speech was not ready. He began to fumble painfully with his handkerchief.

"It is Bascombe you are speaking of?" she put in, coming to the rescue.

"Yes. He is a schemer. An exaggerator. Why do you keep him in your service?"

"On the contrary, no. He is quite passive. No—his detective work is capital—he discovered—about your friend—Mr. Chess. I had suspected some veneer in his case."

Seldyn hoped she would hasten. It was only a step now.

"Besides, he is an excellent man to have about—you see, I am careless—sometimes petulant, and say things that I do not mean."

She hesitated a moment, startled by the expression on his face.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

The Countess waited a second.

"You understand, of course, Bascombe's best quality is that he is virtually deaf."

LEE BEYOND THE POTOMAC

By J. O. Eidson

As the first glow of dawn began to appear upon the eastern horizon, proclaiming another beautiful summer day of 1863, General Robert E. Lee sat mounted upon his horse looking out over the broad valley of the Potomac. Far off to his right the placid waters of the river slowly flowed between the verdant growth of trees, and upon its southern bank lay the camp of the Confederate Army. One by one the long rows of snow-white tents which lay stretched out far below in the valley were disappearing. The order had been given to move forward and his army was breaking camp. Already by the gray light of dawn the General could see in the distance a long line of covered wagons winding its way out of the valley, and could faintly hear the rumbling of the heavy artillery as it crossed the creaking bridge over the Potomac. His army was moving into the enemies' country carrying aloft the flag of the South; and upon it hopefully rested her cause. The red, fiery ball in the east was just now clearing the horizon and beaming down upon the valley in all the glory and brilliance of a typical Southern sun. Where would the long gray column moving northward be when that sun began to set, and what would be its fate? That could not be foretold; its leader could only hope and pray. He sat watching the pageant a moment and then spurred his horse down the hill to join his officers at the head of the column.

The magnificent army of the North, situated near the Potomac in a position defending Washington, uneasily watched the advance and began to cautiously maneuver against it. General George G. Meade, its new commander, was rather undecided and reluctant to make a move. President Lincoln in terror ordered new militia into the army, while clerks and shop-workers were called into the trenches about Washington. As great as was the Northern force, it was filled with fear, for the Confederates were moving forward with General Lee at their head. Few in number, but great in spirit, determined in endeavor, and unsurpassed in leadership, the soldiers of the South were advancing.

Citizens of Washington, Harrisburg and even New York were seized with sudden horror as they read their newspapers' alarming headlines: "Lee Is Advancing." Housewives excitedly exchanged opinions across backyard fences; small boys were filled with both fear and adventure, each struggling for predominance; and all men began to prepare for the worst. Their minds were filled with vivid pictures of the deadly "rebels" dashing down their streets, giving "blood-curdling" yells and demanding immediate submission. And did they not have a right to their fears? Had not Lee and his men within the last six months routed twice their number at Fredericksburg and put to flight the whole Northern army under "Fighting Joe Hooker" at Chancellorsville? Everyone had affairs and

business to attend to, but the most important matter of all now was that the "rebels" were invading their country.

Slowly the long line of gray moved northward through the enemies' country, passing through small towns and villages, where it was received with the deadliest fear. Old men, women and children stood ready to plead for mercy, but such was not necessary; for the Southerners were only warring upon the armed. No army in the history of this country has maintained such a high standard of conduct in the enemies' territory as did Lee's army during its invasions. By the first day of July the head of the column had almost reached Harrisburg. But a halt was then ordered. The Northern forces which had followed Lee's advance had now massed close and an engagement was necessary. The advance guards of the two armies clashed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and the Confederates drove the Federal forces back through the town toward the heights away to the southeast, where they fortified themselves. During the night the remainder of the two armies came upon the field and each began to concentrate its forces, the Confederates fortifying Seminary Ridge and the Federals Cemetery Ridge.

The morning of the second of July found the two armies confronting each other in their new positions. Above one long rocky ridge proudly waved the Southern Cross and above the other the Stars and Stripes. The entire morning was spent in arranging the troops and, due to unintentional delays, the Confederate attack was not made till late in the afternoon. At about five o'clock General Longstreet's artillery began a heavy cannonade against Round Top, the key point to the Federal line, and immediately thereafter the whole Southern artillery opened fire. The infantry also began to charge the opposing heights. This atack was continued fiercely and was crowned with a fair degree of success, for at nightfall the corps of both Generals Longstreet and Ewell had effected a lodgement upon the crest of the Federal line. The victory was, however, very short-lived for early the next morning both were driven from their positions.

The two great armies were arrayed facing each other in their original lines as the last attack of the battle began. General Lee had been unable to wrest the crest of Cemetery Ridge from the Federals, so he determined to make one last effort to carry the center of their line by a gigantic frontal attack. In the afternoon thirteen thousand Confederates—the flower of the Southern army—commanded by General Pickett, moved out of their fortifications and swept down the slope of Seminary Ridge, making as grand a charge as has ever been made in the war history of any nation. They had almost a mile to march before reaching the Federal line and both armies looked on with admiration as the gray line swept in full view down one slope and up the other. Cannon from Federal batteries raked it, but it did not waver. Pausing only to close the gaps made in their ranks by the falling of the killed and wounded, the Confederates pressed on. They mounted the crest of the hill, piercing the first Federal line and carrying their flags to the ridge, but they could do no more. The position was too

strong and their grand charge had failed. Thousands of the Confederates had fallen and the shattered ranks retreated down the hill. They had done their best, displaying courage and heroism which can never be surpassed and to which we as Southerners shall always proudly refer—mortal men could have done no more.

From his position on Seminary Ridge, General Lee had witnessed the charge, and as he saw his men driven back from the heights he showed the only sign of perplexity he was ever known to exhibit. Then, realizing the importance of the situation, he rode forward among the broken ranks of the troops to rally them. His words of encouragement comforted them and they answered with enthusiasm. The soldiers of the South might be driven from every stronghold and the enemy might even cause the ground under their feet to tremble and shake, but their faith in their leader could never be shaken.

On the dreary night of the fourth of July, under the cover of a blinding storm, the Confederate army began its melancholy retreat to the Potomac. General Lee was fully aware of the extent of the disaster and rose grandly to meet it. He was in hostile territory, far from home, with a defeated army which was greatly inferior in strength to that of the enemy and was burdened with four thousand prisoners and a slow-moving baggage train fifteen miles long. Seldom has any army been in such a desperate situation, but seldom also has one had such a leader. Lee conducted his retreat in a masterful and almost miraculous manner, his army reaching the Potomac with all prisoners and baggage safe and sound on the morning of July the seventh. However, here he was presented with another difficulty. Due to the recent rains, the river had risen far above its normal level and the army could not cross. Forced to await the subsiding of the flood, he ordered that earthworks be quickly thrown up and that every precaution be taken to resist the enemy, should they attack. General Meade, with the entire Federal army, appeared before the Confederates' position, but made no attack, and, during the night of the thirteenth, the Potomac then being fordable and the bridges in readiness for the passage of the artillery, General Lee began to withdraw his entire force into Virginia.

Near the close of the following day the great Confederate General stood just outside his tent and gazed out over the waters of the Potomac. Far away in the distance could be seen numerous curls of smoke lazily rising from the Northern camp, and upon a distant hill a solitary sentinel walked his post. All was quiet in the Confederate camp except for the occasional sound of distant singing as lusty voices chimed out, "Look away, look away, away down South in Dixie." There was a tired and melancholy look upon the General's countenance as he stood there. His soldiers were once more contented and happy, but he realized the great disaster which had befallen his country. Upon the same day that his army began its retreat, far away upon the Mississippi, the South suffered another dreadful reverse. Vicksburg surrendered to the enemy. The star of the Confederacy had reached its zenith and had begun to decline.

As the great commander watched the sun sinking beneath the hills in the west, he may have been reminded of the waning cause for which he was struggling. However, he resolved to fight for his country to the bitter end—and he did.

AUTUMN

By Howard Pegram

Autumn is no time for dying, as some folks would have us think;
'Tis a time of preparation for the earth to sleep a wink.
Through the winter Nature slumbers, lacking all her gayer hue,
So that in the sunny springtime she can blossom forth anew.

Autumn is no time for dying—'tis a time of fruitful yield:
With the hickorynuts and chestnuts, and the harvests of the field.
Now the golden grain is gathered, and the pumpkins stored away,
Apples picked, potatoes roasted. These can rival gifts of May.

Autumn is no time for dying. Grieve not if the swallows leave;
Worry not about the wild geese flying southward; but believe
They'll return again in summer. Still we have the snow-birds here,
And the partridge and the redbird fill the woods with wholesome cheer.

Autumn is no time for dying—grass may wither, leaves may fall;
But they'll come again the fresher in the days when sunbeams call.
Let us then e'er praise gay Autumn, when the trees are red and gold;
When the weather's always finest; when life's goodness is foretold.

ALLAH

By James P. Carroll

THE NIGHT was pitch-black. My flickering lights served only to attenuate the darkness a few feet in front of my jolting radiator. The road over which I was traveling was narrow and rough. From the woods, which ran up to the road on either side as if eager to recapture the tract that man had taken, Nature was sending forth one of her weirdest choruses. The lugubrious wail of an owl, the chirping of a cricket, the croaking of a frog, the gentle swishing of the leaves were wafted in mournful medley on the still-

ness of the summer night. Even the steady purring of my motor seemed to join in this wild chorus of Nature. Intermittently fireflies lit up as if trying to aid my feeble lights. Everything seemed so unreal, so phantasmal. My very thoughts were vague and evanescent. I found myself wondering if it were not all a dream, perhaps a frightful nightmare. Here I was driving out to my estate, *mine;* I, the erstwhile clerk, a millionaire! My uncle had surprised everyone. Everyone had known that he was wealthy, but no one had dreamed that he was a millionaire. However, the astounding part of it was not that he had so much, but that he had left it all to me. He had disowned me, cursed me, reviled me because I had refused to follow the career which he had planned for me. I was his only close relative, and since my early boyhood he had counted on my taking charge of his affairs when I came of age. He had spent all of his life making and hoarding money. He fondled it, loved it, worshipped it. It was the god whom he served. But he had never been able to make as much as he wanted. He realized that he needed the enthusiasm, the energy of a young man, if he were ever to attain his constantly receding goal. So for years he had waited patiently for the time when I should combine my efforts with his; for years he had dreamed of the time when his desire should become my desire; his passion my passion; his god my god. So when my twenty-first birthday came he thought that his dream had been realized, that his patience was at last to be rewarded. He had summoned me and carefully and painstakingly laid out his plan before me. We were to become partners. He was to furnish the brains, I the energy. Our only goal was to be to make money, much money. We were not to be over-scrupulous in our methods, nor was I ever to question his judgment. In other words, we were to disregard personal comfort, honor, mercy, everything, in our quest for gold. If I entered into the plan and showed myself capable, at his death everything would be mine. Immediately I rebelled. The idea was repulsive to me. I was young, I had ambitions of my own, and, above all, I was honorable and independent. I flatly refused the proposition. At first he was incredulous. My answer seemed to stun him. He saw his dreams fading, his plans made through the years destroyed. He wouldn't, he couldn't, believe it. He argued, he coaxed, he begged, he pleaded, but I was immovable. Then gradually, he had gone to the other extreme. He urged, he threatened, then he cursed me, and reviled me, and he finally ended by disowning me and forbidding my ever returning to his house. I left him ranting and raving—against me. That had been two years ago. From that day to this, I had returned only once—to the funeral. Even during his last illness he had refused to see me. It was with a feeling of pity that I had gazed into that wizened face and looked upon that wrecked body. But as I gazed, I recalled our last meeting; I recalled the curses, and I came away with a feeling of repugnance—or, perhaps, fear. Then, a few days later had come the reading of the will, and then the great surprise. The whole estate had been willed to me on one very simple condition: that I live in the mansion and

care for a favorite cat of his as long as he lived his natural life. Special emphasis had been placed on the word *natural*. If, by chance, the cat died an unnatural death, the will became void and the entire estate went to an atheistical society. This was also the alternative if I failed to fulfill the condition.

A sudden jolt brought me from the nearly sub-consious state into which I had lapsed. It seemed to me that I had been riding hours, days. I looked around me and saw the same impenetrable blackness, I heard the same monotonous wails. Suddenly something bounded across the road in front of me. A shiver ran up my back. I tried to persuade myself that it was a rabbit, but I could not escape the conclusion that it was a cat. Somehow, the thought terrified me. On and on I rode, wondering why my uncle had built his mansion in such a God-forgotten country. But no, he had hated everybody and everything, except money. He had wanted to get away from everything human, which he hated with the ardor of a confirmed misanthrope. What was that in the woods! Oh, only lightning bugs. No, two orbs of light were glaring straight at me. They were dazzling, almost blinding; they were green, they were cat's eyes! Again I shivered. Then my mind reverted to my uncle's most peculiar will. "My entire estate is hereby bequeathed to my nephew on the condition that he live in my mansion and care for Allah, my cat, as long as he (Allah) shall live his natural life," etc. Indeed, this was strange. I had seen the cat only a few times, but these were enough to convince me that he was no ordinary cat. He was half again as large as any cat I had ever seen. He was yellow, with orange-red markings. All of the mystery, all of the cunning, all of the stealth, all of the agility of his race seemed to have been incarnated in this great brute. There was something in the way that he twitched his tail, and slunk, and crouched, and looked, that was horrifying. Each time that I had seen him, he had manifested a growing dislike for me. At the funeral this dislike had grown to a violent hatred. And it was *this* that I was to care for! As I thought of this beast, it slowly dawned upon me that it was this—*this* that had bounded across the road before me!

Uneasily I turned my eyes toward the woods. Yes, he was there; it was he who was following me with his horrible eyes! I shuddered, glueing my eyes on the road before me, daring no longer to look up.

On and on I rode, telling myself how happy I was going to be with my fortune, but, all of the time, there was a foreboding, a dread, a fear. Ah, at last, there was the mansion! I saw in front of me a great bulk of a house—entirely dark. Not a blind was open, not the faintest ray of light made its way through a window. I slowly climbed the stone steps and rapped cautiously at the door. The faint knock reverberated through the great house, and then all resumed the deathly silence. I knocked a little louder this time. Just at that moment I heard a rasping, scratching noise. It sounded as if a cat. . . . The door flew open, and there was Allah, growling and spitting.

"Get back, Allah," said the servant, whom I had not seen. "Come in, sir," turning to me.

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NO.

I made several feeble attempts at pleasantry as we walked down the hall, but all the while I was glancing furtively at Allah. It seemed to me that, at every door, he was watching me with hatred. Again, a shiver ran up my back. This cat seemed to. . . . But now we were sitting down.

"Just make yourself comfortable, sir," said the servant, "while I get you a bite to eat. You must be rather weary after your trip."

"Yes, I think I should enjoy eating. I do feel unusually fatigued."

I rested my head on the back of the huge chair and closed my eyes. Is it instinct that warns us of approaching danger? Whatever it was, something told me that all was not well. I felt as if some one were creeping up behind me. I quickly opened my eyes, and there, not three feet away, was Allah, slightly crouched, with his eyes fixed steadily on me! I was paralyzed. But Allah did not move; he seemed to be just watching. Then, a feeling of security came over me. I wondered at my former fears. I decided to make friends with my new charge.

"Allah, old boy, come here. Come on, old fellow." He did not budge.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty; here," I said, snapping my fingers. He did not move a muscle. I got up and started toward him.

"Here, Allah, nice fellow, let's be friends." He began to growl and spit, but remained unmoved. I extended my hand to touch him. Quick as a flash he slashed my hand with his long claws. Then he turned suddenly and slunk away. I wrapped my handkerchief around my hand, which was bleeding rather freely.

"What's the matter?" asked the servant, entering with a tray.

"Allah doesn't seem to like me much," I replied, displaying my wound.

"Allah has acted very strangely since your uncle's death. We'd better put something on that scratch."

As he applied some salve to my hand, again that strange feeling of uneasiness crept over me. When I had finished eating we sat down to talk.

"You've been here a number of years," I began, "so I shall depend largely upon you to run the place. I am sure we shall get along fine together. As for Allah, I shall have to make friends with him," here I glanced ruefully at my hand, which seemed to be swelling, "before I can carry out my uncle's instructions." I paused. "I cannot fathom my uncle's most peculiar action. I little dreamed that I should be remembered at all. Well, I suppose that he wasn't such a bad sort after all." Inwardly, I felt that he was.

"Yes, that was strange. But what makes it all the more strange is that he didn't make known to anyone his sudden change of attitude toward you."

"He didn't speak of me to you?"

"So far as I know, he hasn't even called your name since that day—you know."

I nodded. Ah, how well I knew. From some distant room came the muffled striking of a clock—twelve. On the last stroke a long wail arose from directly under my chair, it seemed to me. It resembled nothing that I had ever heard before. It was almost like

a human cry of distress or grief, but this wild and terrifying cry had no place in the benign order of creation. I held my breath, my heart was pounding against my chest. I was paralyzed with terror. When the long cry had ended, I breathed again.

"What was that?" I gasped.

"Allah — under the house. He never howled that way before your uncle's death. Now he does it frequently."

That cry kept reverberating in my heart. It had struck terror into my very soul. I found myself in a cold sweat.

"I think I'll go to bed," I said, rising suddenly.

"I'll get a light and show you up."

Having procured a smoking lamp, and holding it above his head, he proceeded to lead me to my room. We mounted two long flights of winding stairs, through musty corridors, until finally we stopped in front of a door. He turned the knob, and it creaked back on its rusty hinges. We were met with a rush of warm air. He placed the lamp on the table.

"I think you'll get along all right in here. Your uncle always slept here. If you need anything, let me know." He was gone.

Half-fearfully, I looked around me. The room was elaborately furnished with old, massive furniture. On the table lay a well-worn volume. I picked it up; it was entitled "Animal Nature." I opened it at random and read: "The cat is the only animal, with the possible exception of man, that takes pleasure in torture for torture's sake. It seldom kills at once; he wounds so that his victim cannot escape, then lies down and plays with its agony. He watches patiently, ambuscaded like an assassin; he pounces quickly upon his victim, then begins the gloating and the torture. He is a murderer at heart. You may see him watching with his sinister eyes. He lives with us, but he is not our friend." I wanted to throw this book down, but I couldn't. "The cat is pre-eminently a hunter. It has a large, broad head and a comparatively slender body, able to follow wherever the head can go. It has long whiskers, or feelers, on each side of the face, calculated to assist its noiseless passage amid underbrush or other obstructions. The tongue is provided with rough, toothlike projections that slant backward, giving it a rasping surface. The cat has five long, sharp claws in the front feet and four in the back. Each claw rests in a little pocket, from which it may be protruded at will. There are many superstitions connected with the cat. It has never been completely tamed. It seems to be very like some wild ancestor, and yet its origin is unknown. It is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. At night it reverts to the jungle."

I slammed the book shut and looked cautiously around me. The lamp flickered. Again that unhuman wail appalled me. I undressed nervously and got into bed in a chill. What a frightful night! What horrible nightmares! It seemed to me that I had dwindled down to the size of a Lilliputian. Allah towered above me with those green, gloating eyes. I awoke with a start. There it was again, that rasping, scratching on my very door. It was Allah. I drew the cover over my head and sank into a fitful sleep. When I awoke, the sun was sending a few strag-

gling rays through the blinds. I wearily got up on the side of the bed and rubbed my aching head. I was tired, I was worn out, I was feverish. I examined my hand, which was swollen, and exceedingly painful. Then I slowly put on my clothes and opened the door. Directly in front of me was Allah, in precisely the same position that he was in the night before—glaring at me. There was something in the way that he crouched, in the way that he looked, that was uncatlike. I slammed the door and waited for about fifteen minutes before venturing out again. This time Allah had gone. I saw him slinking down the hall ahead of me. When I entered the dining room, the servant was there. He noticed my flurried, my haggard look.

"Sleep well?" he queried.

"Not much," I replied. "Must have eaten something that did not agree with me; had nightmares." We ate in silence. "You know that — that cat, Allah, gets on my nerves," I blurted.

"He is a queer beast, truly. He was peculiar when your uncle was living, but since his death a change has come over him. He seems to have gone wild."

"Where did uncle get him?"

"No one seems to know when or where he got him. He had him when I came here, eight years ago, and he was full grown then."

"Was uncle fond of him?"

"Why, they were just like one person. They literally lived together. Many a time have I heard your uncle mumbling to him. I never knew what he said, but Allah understood. They were never happy except when in each other's presence. By the way, how is your hand this morning?"

"It is swollen and very painful."

"I'll dress it again; then you had better feed Allah."

The dressing done, I tried my best to feed Allah, but he would not even draw near the plate of food which I extended to him. Finally I gave up in despair and set the plate on the floor, but, even then, he avoided it as if it were contaminated. During the day, in the rush of straightening up, and in the enjoyment of my new possession, I nearly forgot my fears. Only periodically did the old dread steal back again when I felt a throbbing pain in my hand and arm. There is something in daylight that dispels fear. But as the sun sank lower and lower and dusk came on, I felt myself anticipating the coming night with horror. One short sentence from "Animal Nature" kept ringing in my ears: "At night it reverts to the jungle." Night finally came, and with it returned all my nervousness, and dread, and fear. Again I tried to feed Allah. I removed the still untouched morning's food and put more in. But Allah only crouched in the shadows and growled. My hand was excruciatingly painful. I, like Allah, did not eat. I felt panicky. I had a foreboding that something awful was imminent. That cat was driving me mad! The servant, seeing my condition, tried to cheer me up, but I was nervous and irritable and weary from worry and loss of sleep.

"You'd better go to bed and get some rest," said he at last.

Rest! How I did wish I could rest. But, like a small boy, I was afraid—afraid to go

up stairs to go to bed. It was so dark and dismal, and then my uncle had lived—and died in that room.

"No," I replied. "I'll wait a while."

So on and on we sat until both of us were nodding and sleeping in our chairs. Both of us awoke with a start. There it was; that wail again! This time it came from a distant room in the house.

"Well, let's go," I said. "I'm too tired and sleepy to stay any longer."

"I suppose you can go alone tonight. You know where your room it. I'll get a lamp."

"Oh, no, no," I almost pleaded. "You come and go too." I was afraid to go alone!

So again we wended our way up stairs and through corridors until we came to my room. This time the door was ajar. I entered first. I cried out, but I couldn't move. I was glued to the spot. Those green orbs of light were glaring at me. Allah was in my room! Allah was in my very bed!

"Oh, sir, it's only Allah. You see he used to stay here with your uncle all of the time. They sometimes slept together. Here, Allah, get down there! Get out of here!"

Allah, growling, reluctantly sprang down and glided through the door. I avoided him as he came out. All night I dreamed that Allah was in my bed, now scratching my eyes, now gnawing my throat, now just glaring. When morning finally came, I didn't have the energy to get up. My arm up to my shoulder was swollen. Sharp darts of pain nearly doubled me up. I summoned the servant and told him to get a doctor. The doctor arrived about noon.

"We must try hard to avoid blood poisoning," he said. "You almost waited too long."

When night came I felt as if I could stand that room no longer, and, in spite of my weariness, I staggered down stairs. When I tried to feed Allah, he sprang at my throat, and only the presence of the servant kept me from being bitten—bitten by Allah! I wanted to kill him, shoot him, cut him to pieces, but I remembered the terms of the will. Again I went up stairs for another sleepless night filled with awful nightmares. When morning finally came, I had my mind made up. I could not, I would not stand it any longer. Quickened by this determination, I quickly bounded out of bed, into my clothes, and out of the room. I looked down the hall and saw Allah slinking away around the corner ahead of me. When I turned the corner, I stopped, aghast. There sat Allah on his haunches, glowering at me. Never have I seen such hatred expressed with eyes. It seemed to me that he was sneering at me, mocking me. Again I noticed that almost human look—almost human, almost human. As I looked with dimmed vision upon that creature before me, an awful thought dawned on my feverish brain. That was not a cat that had followed me with his eyes on the night of my arrival; that was not a cat that had received me with such hatred; that was not a cat that had clawed me; that was not a cat that had tortured me; that was not a cat that had got in my bed; that was not a cat that had tried to bite me—kill me; *that* was not a cat sitting there glaring at me. No—that was a —a person, that was a man, that was my—my uncle! That's what he had been all of his life, not a human being, but—but a cat.

That wizened face, those eyes, that hatred, that—that, yes, that was my uncle. I plunged madly and blindly on, with Allah slinking away before me.

"Get my things together," I said to the servant as I entered the room.

"You're not going to stay!" asked the servant.

"No!" I almost screamed. "If I stay here another day, another hour, another minute, I shall be raving mad."

As I left the house, never to return again, the last thing that I saw was Allah, sitting on his haunches — triumphant. Two days later I received a message saying that Allah was dead.

THE FIRST POTRAIT

By Howard Berry

You posed for me
Amid the mist of morn's creation
Long ago—
A day forgotten now
By these our weaker progeny.
First Woman thou,
And Artist I,
The first and only one.

A simple artist I,
But schooled in Nature's way,
The greatest of them all,
Whom Titian, Raphael, and Michael Angelo
When at their best
But copied.

Against a landscape now unknown,
Where newborn mountains shouldered up
And thrust their jagged outlines to the sky
To fade away in steaming mists
Of birth,
Creation,
Life,
I had you stand
And bare yourself
Unto my minute gaze.
I said that you should be
Incarnate Love,
My Deity,
That flung the stars into a turquoise sky,
And hung the moon above a new-made hill,
And bade them pass
In orderly array.

I made a living canvas of you,
That seemed to breathe and smile and talk.
I painted not just lissome form:
I went beyond
And caught your Soul
And learned (I thought) what Truth and
Beauty was.
I searched the cooling world
For pigments rare
And made eternal mixtures—
For your hair
I seized the golden clouds at dawn,
Compressed, and braided them.
I cast my palette by
And dipped my brush into
Half-hidden virgin lakes
And pools and summer skies,
And mixing these
With azure from a distant range,
I made your laughing eyes.

I caught a rainbow late one eve
And stripped its colors from it,
Then flung them back into the east;
Yet keeping of the bright-hued dyes
Of that proud arc
That spanned the skies,
A single color,
Rarest tint,
Of all of those,
The sky had lent,
A blushing red,
Desired for weeks,
With which I made
Your glowing cheeks.

Yet there remained
One summer morn
A pair of lips
I had foresworn,
For this:
They baffled me with all my art.
Where could I find a crimson hue,
And of a freshness
Such as you?
Again I left my easel's stand
And searched the hills throughout the land,
Unearthed an ore so rich it seemed
To be the one whereof I dreamed.
I later learned
It would not do,
Would not reveal
The youth in you.
Again I searched
And this time chanced—
Beneath a mountain near the sea,
Where tempting curves the new strand made,
As though your lips were there with me,
And laughter on them played—
Upon the world's first ruby, great and pure.
By ways unknown to artists now,
Forgotten when I first learned how,
My palette now I fresh prepared,
A mixture such as none has dared,
And into it I freely dipped
And left you eager, ruby-lipped.

You posed for me,
First Woman thou,
And Artist I,
The first and only one.
One eve when I had done,
Had dropped my brush,
The last stroke made,
And stepped back from the canvas,
You came
And stood beside me,
Touching me
With all that I had painted,
Warm, and eager, waiting there.
I moved away
Engrossed with all I did.
Then like a flash
I felt you stiffen near me,
Saw you leap,
And tread the canvas underfoot
Before a hand was raised.

I saw your scorn.
"An artist thou? Ah, yea,
And nothing more.
I dreamed you were a man
When first I posed for you,
And bared myself
For you to paint.
And yet you've never touched me,
Spurned me
For your Art."

You never understood,
First Woman thou,
And Artist I,
The first and only one.

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EDITORIALS

Kings

Two thousand years ago, a mighty King was born. He had no great retinue of servants, no army, no palace. His was not a life of luxury and splendor. He did not wield the sword and issue mandates. His Majesty was not awe-inspiring; His power was not dreadful. He finally made Himself so unpopular that He was killed as only the vilest criminals were killed. He was but thirty-three years old when He died, but no other king who ever lived has exerted such a powerful, such an enduring influence on the world as has this King. He rules in the hearts of millions today.

Recently in France, the school children were asked to vote as to who was the greatest man that France ever had. Napoleon? No, those children selected Pasteur.

The mightiest, the most powerful kings are not those who have occupied thrones and lived in palaces.

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Tributaries

By THOMAS W. HERBERT

I stepped from the soft shade of evergreen woods and paused for a moment to rest. A rough bridge, just to the front, spanned the brook whose course I had been following. Each way the road stretched, curving out of sight on the left and losing itself in trees on the right. The ground beyond the bridge sloped gently upward. Dead cotton stalks, which it bore, dimmed into black with the soil after a few rods of visibility. Against the western sky, brilliant with the gold, green, and blue of a dying day, the crest of the rise made a perfect silhouette. Reared upon it, sharply distinct from their background, were a great oak, bare of leaves, and a humble cabin; between them—a man, cutting wood.

The air was still. Dead leaves on the ground made not a rustle. Leaves on the trees and slender weeds by the roadside were as painted on canvas. The road was deserted. Excepting the sky, whose tints, shades, and forms were in continuous, rapid, yet indiscernible change, the only signs of life or motion were the brook and the lone man.

The brook made music as it tumbled over and among silent rocks. Its tinkle and gurgle became less and less monotonous to the ear. It was singing a happy tune. Why not? To be sure it had no mighty power. Its very name was known to but few. It was not grand or awe-inspiring. Yet the trees along its banks, because of it, grew fresher; it was a part of a system which, in its congregated power, was majestic, invincible, magnificent. And the little stream, widening and deepening its channel, growing to the best of its ability, and contributing its all to the great river, sang cheerfully on, content and patient in its work.

The song of the man floated softly through the evening twilight: a plaintive melody, punctuated by the steady fall of the free-swinging axe. I looked down at the brook, singing and flowing steadily; then at the man, singing and chopping—chopping—chopping.

Overtones

A piano and a violin are playing the same tune in the same key. Yet we have no difficulty in distinguishing the notes that come

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from each instrument. We say each has a different "quality." In both instruments, the strings are vibrating. These vibrations produce what is known in music as the "fundamental tones." But if our eyes were quick enough, when we examined the strings of the piano and violin, we would find that the strings were not only vibrating as a whole, but that they were also vibrating in sections. The tones that come from these vibrations within vibrations are called overtones, and Physics tells us that "the number and intensity of the overtones which have been added to the fundametal tones determine the quality of an instrument."

The "fundamental tones" of our lives are practically the same. In the larger vibrations we are all about alike. All of us sleep, eat, work, and play. It is in the number and intensity of overtones that men differ.

What do we do between eating time and sleeping time? What do we do between classes? What do we do between school hours? It is these vibrations within vibrations that determine the "quality" of men.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ALBERT ALLEN, *Editor*

"THE CONCEPT"
(Converse College)

Here we have a pleasing number, sufficiently literary, and varied enough to suit the fancy of the most whimiscal. The initial "Concept" boasts not less than two plays—we had opened our eyes at one—each beyond the average drama, a short story, essays—original to say the least,—and poetry almost on every page.

Of the verse, we recall "Defeat," which we thought clever and full of feeling. "Halloween Madness," by the same author, though having an auspicious beginning and reaching a climax, in the final verse drops from its height with a thud. Turning to the section set aside for poetry, "Wild Thyme," so-called, we pause with full appreciation on "Images." The stanza is assuredly true to the title—we picture vividly

"A clay road,
Misty in the moonrise."

"Le Soir," "Vision," and "From My Himnal" are extremely impressive. To say truth, at a time when good college poetry has taken to itself wings, the verse in the "Concept" becomes peculiarly refreshing.

"The Whippersnapper" is ingenious and well-expressed; the opening sentence is unusually skillful. "Waterloos," as an autobiographical sketch, has a fascinating style, but to classify it as a story is unjustifiable.

We enjoyed reading "Queens of Xerxes or —After Vashti" and "When Lilacs Grow on the Apple Tree," two plays born necessarily out of a wealth of originality and imagination. The editorial about the "Bogus Correspondence Courses" would be more apposite in a newspaper than in a college magazine. The editors were again careless: "Politics! Politics! Politics!" shouted one, and straightway they became "the spoil of the infection," discoursing twice upon the much-discoursed-upon Hoover-Smith distraction.

A number of the jokes were good, and jokes, by the bye, are not "de trop" al-

ways: a certain ancient saw runs "a little nonsense now and then"—but we turn to the "Criterion."

"THE CRITERION"
(Columbia College)

We shall take the exchange editor at her word, and open the review of the "Criterion" with a little cavilling. It is not known to us how binding convention is upon the staff, but we suggest all the same, in the first place, that the appearance of the editorials upon the initial page is not an asset to the magazine. Nor would we select "Sigma Tau Delta" as a topic of exposition for this department.

The outstanding article in the "Criterion" is the story, "Would Babs Care?" It grips the interest, and keeps the suspense, but there are also two glaring faults of the narrative to which we would call attention. The reader's sympathy with the heroine is weak—she has stooped, it appears to us, to gain her own private ends. Again, if the author will permit, we would enjoin her not to break the thread of the narrative in order to philosophize. Under tragic circumstances, men may or may not eat, but it is unwise to devote a paragraph of a short story to a discussion of the subject. "Playing the Game" has a trite title, and the account, which does not possess an arousing theme, seems to drag excessively. "Sunday Night" evinces personality, but "Study" is at once truth and platitude. "What Might Have Been" impresses us as being improbable.

We think the best poetic effusions are "Noon," "Morning Prayer" and "Twilight Hour." The first of these is very appealing. "Desires" embodies a beautiful thought: it would have been appropriate as an editorial, we think. In the Book Review Department we are glad to find a criticism of "White Oak Farm," a novel written by a South Carolinian.

"THE CAROLINIAN"
(University of South Carolina)

Though there is more than one weakness in "The Carolinian," the issue as a whole strikes us as being excellent. We shall not say there has been a specialty of short story writing, but we must note the occurrence of four unusual examples of creative work in this form.

We are met first with "The Man Who Never Spoke," and conclude, after a reading of it, that the author has either a vigorous imagination, or is both widely travelled, especially on the seas, and widely read, especially in novels of tropical adventure. Appearing in a college periodical, the story affords variety—the ordinary issue is fraught with commonplace accounts of everyday life; appearing anywhere, the narrative exhibits color and atmosphere, which always make for the reader's interest. The climax of "Brothers Outlaw" was delightfully surprising. The introduction, however, we thought irrelevant. Possibly, too, there is an inclination to wordiness, although a happy choice is often apparent, as when Mr. O'Riley's face failed "dismally" to remain stern. "Oft In the Silly Night" is vividly and realistically told—in fact the author's handling of the situations and plot is quite adept. Mr. Hingson has done "Between Friends" particularly

well, laboring as he was under the handicap of a banal theme.

On the other hand, we cannot praise the poetry in "The Carolinian." "Life Insurance" attracted our attention. Miss Hall's inspiration, "Edna St. Vincent Millay," is quite comprehensible to us—of the American literary woman, she indisputably stands first. "To a Pine" we did not think good.

Each of the two essays has distinctive qualities: "The Eighth Deadly Sin" possesses a fine personal touch—we congratulate the author on choosing the subject—boredom—for discussion; and in "The Way of All Women," we find the best instance of a clever, sententious style we have as yet observed.

"THE EROTHESIAN"
(Lander College)

A member of the "Erothesian" staff, with highly commendable spirit, has given us free rein "to say the worst," and we fear, in one connection or two, we are going to say just that.

The piece of verse entitled "Haunted House" appearing on the first page is almost wretched. One stanza alone redeems it—the opening one, while the remainder is poor to the point of eccentricity. We can best impart our meaning by quoting a stanza:

"Loose boards
Crack.
Doors slam
Back."

The author of this selection did better in "A Voice in the Darkness," but even here, the rhythm is too interrupted for poetry. "We Freshmen" is apparently a work of

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haste. The last four lines of "Memories," however, are true poetry.

We find the lone story in the issue above the level of the poetry, although the atmosphere and the characters are too foreign and unreal to move us. Such a setting, it appears to us, were best left to Zola and Daudet. The "Autobiography of a Two-Cent Stamp" shows much individuality, and is interestingly done. We were glad the three "Ghostly Anecdotes," coming in unbroken succession upon us, were not in great measure "ghostly." One of them bore the same title as the opening poem; the other, entitled "An Apparition," reminded us in name and want of verisimilitude of Defoe's "The Apparition of Mrs. Veal," but possessing the great fault of the classic, it has not the convincingness of the latter.

"The Tabloid Newspaper," with arguments for and against, does not enhance the literary property of the number. Such an essay, condensed, had been a good editorial. "Comparison of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' " is praiseworthy.

The book reviews of the "Erothesian" are the best that have come under our observation. But did Mr. Wilder have a message in "The Bridge of San Louis Rey?" Or did he merely confront us with the ancient question?

An Humble Appendage

We have the rather sanguine belief that there is no one to be found—and very deftly we will include those that may be concerned with the above remarks—who can deny the delicacy of the position in which an exchange editor is naturally placed. Indeed—we do not deem a confession shameful—it was with some timorousness that the present editor turned the leaves of these publications—the same editor, who in a previous issue, expressed himself audaciously, going so far, be it said, as to mention even his serenity! Let it be known that that serenity is now—shall we say—scattered to the four winds—or perhaps gone to the camp of the Philistines. But it is finished, and we are alive: the Ides of March, we might put it, have come. "Aye, Caesar," we can hear the soothsayer say, and tremble slightly, "but not gone." . . .

It is to be questioned, in particular when we recognize with Bently that "no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself" whether we should make such a bustle about the matter. After all, the number of critics has increased, and, in consequence, the value of their opinions has decreased.

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With these many words, however, the anger of some may not wholly abate, and these we must further address—especially if a few—an incensed poetess, for example—should wish to employ violence. " 'Madam,' " we would hastily enjoin her in that case, quoting old Dr. Johnson, " 'consider how insignificant this matter will appear a twelvemonth hence.' " Should the wrathful one not desist with that, we shall—well—have a care to our skin.

———o———

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

"THE HAPPY MOUNTAIN"

By Maristan Chapman

This first novel by a new author has created quite a sensation in the literary circles of America. In all the leading book reviews, this new novel has been given a very prominent place. It has been severely criticised by a few, but, on the whole, it has been met with open arms and has been acclaimed as the outstanding book of 1928. One critic went so far as to call it the leading candidate for the Pulitzer prize for 1928.

"The Happy Mountain" is a story of the mountains of Tennessee, of love, and of adventure. It is a tale of a young man, "whom wanderlust drove to the outlands, but whom love brought back to his sweetheart."

Mrs. Chapman has found hidden away beyond the mountains "this idyll of young love" and has told the story in a happy and fresh manner. She has brought from her own experience these characters that will live for years to come.

At times, however, the mountain dialect of her characters becomes monotonous and tiresome, but the freshness with which she tells the story offsets this minor fault.

Bruce Gould says, "We doubt if it will be possible to find another novel as stirring and beautiful within a year."

The Literary Guild of America chose "The Happy Mountain" as its August book, and many think that it was the outstanding book of those to which this organization gave its approval.

"The Happy Mountain" is a pleasing book, full of life, love and happiness.

"AN INDIAN JOURNEY"

By Waldemar Bonsels

Herr Bonsels says that from his extreme youth he has been a rebel. He says that school and studies had no interest for him, because his heart and soul longed for the open air and for nature's beauty.

He gave vent to this restless spirit and began a life of wandering. The romance and the spell of the East are dramatically recounted in two of the most popular books in Germany today; his "Notes of a Vagabond" and "An Indian Journey."

Bonsels in "An Indian Journey" describes that mysterious country in a fascinating way. He catches the spirit of the East, and puts it on paper in such a manner as to please and to thrill the most critical.

This book reflects the atmosphere of India with its strange, dreamy life. It gives a vivid picture of this primitive civilization, which is now far behind our Western life. Bonsels depicts the true Indian as a mystical

person who stops to think and to reflect on the wonders and the mysteries of this life.

He also paints a life-like picture of the wild Indian jungles. He makes the reader have a creepy feeling lest something from the dense maze should jump at him. He captivates his listeners with his tale of weirdness.

"An Indian Journey" has reached the 350,000 mark in Germany, and in the United States is giving to thousands the exotic spell of the East.

Carl Van Doren says of it, "To all that has been published on the subject of India, 'An Indian Journey' adds something as fresh as it is substantial."

The Newark Evening News says of it, "His book will win back for India something of the esteem it formerly had, and readers will see again in that land the home of mysticism and of exotic dreams."

"HAROLD THE WEBBED"

By A. A. Horn and Ethelreda Lewis

"Trader Horn," that grand old man who delighted us so with his first book of African adventures, again takes us back into his memories and gives us a stirring tale of viking adventure.

He gives us a tale that is at once gripping and amazing. It is a story such as Ulysses or Sinbad the Sailor might have told to eager and attentive audiences. It is a tale of youth, of adventure, of carefree wanderings, told by a man of the world.

The book is delightful; it has that rare quality of making the reader feel his personal participation in the glorious adventures of the young viking, "Harold the Webbed."

—John Otts.

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WINTER

By Harrod Manly

Unmoved the tree-bird, nestling close against the cold,
Unheard the frozen brook, the whisper of the wind,
And weak the low sun's lure in silence, icy, still.
No shepherd comes without to keep his huddled fold—
No patient plowman creeps along the barren hill.

WHEN A MAN BREAKS

By Howard Pegram

"FRED, FRED, get up."

The voice of the woman was somewhat sharp, not with anger but with worry. She stood in the doorway of the bedroom, arms akimbo, and looked at the recumbent figure. Fred was dead-tired. Who wouldn't be? Early that morning he had gone out and had stayed until four o'clock. He had eaten no dinner.

"Fred," the woman called again.

Fred Hastings opened his tired eyes, sat up in the enameled iron bed, and yawned.

"I'm tired as all get-out, Mary," he stated. " 'Tain't so much what I do, it's the worryin' all the time."

"I know, I know," Mary replied. "I'm all in, myself. But come on. Mrs. Moss paid me the quarter she borrowed, and I got some soup for us. The children are about starved."

Fred adjusted his wrinkled clothes as best he could and followed his wife into the dingy dining room. The children—a girl and two boys—were already eating. Mary's eyes were damp as she watched them. Poor little things. Fred was not the only one who had eaten nothing since morning.

"Didn't find any chance for work, I guess?" Mary asked as Fred began to eat. She had not questioned him upon his return in the afternoon because he had looked so worn and sleepy.

"No," he replied. "There ain't a job in Harrisburg, I don't think. I'm sure sick of it all."

"If you'd of joined a union—"

"They wouldn't help us." He raised his tired eyes. "They've got enough troubles of their own just now. Anyway, how'd I have paid my dues? While I had work, it took every copper."

"Fred, me and the children—if it wasn't for us, you could get along."

"Don't talk like that, Mary." He seemed almost angry. "It ain't your fault. It's them rich ones that'd starve all of us poor people so they could make more money. Ain't I got as much right to get married and raise a family as anyone?"

Mary did not reply to this question. She loved Fred, and she knew that he loved her. It had worried her, too—that problem. Why was it that they were denied their just pleasures in life?

Suddenly Fred pushed back his chair and got up.

"Where's our next meal coming from?" he asked.

Mary shook her head and sighed.

"We can't even stay in this shack more'n four or five more days," he said. "This rotten furniture won't bring us nothing. All them that would use such stuff is in almost as bad a fix as we're in.

"Say!" he exclaimed after a minute or two. "I'm going out; may help my feelings. If I don't get work tomorrow, I'll steal some-

thing. Anything. I ain't going to see you and the children starve."

"Don't; don't." Mary rose hastily. "There'll be some way. There's got to be. But for God's sake, Fred, don't do that. You know me and you have lived on the square in all matters. Please don't."

He would not promise, but she knew by the look on his face that she had won. Without a word, he put on his hat and went out.

He walked. That was all he could do, unless he preferred to sit on a park bench. His wandering carried him, after some time, past the Capitol to the street along the river. As he looked out over the water, which reflected the myriad distant lights, a thought of the coolness of it came to him. It was a warm night. His face was hot, and his body was perspiring.

He sat down on a bench. For days, now, he had unsuccessfully sought a job, until hope had entirely fled. It would be good to sink into darkness, cool darkness, and never again to open eyes on the sordidness of life. Of what use was life, anyway? If he did get a job—at miserable pay—he had only work to look forward to. Up early and to work; home at night; supper; sleep, so that he could work again—it was a horrible prospect. The heart-rending sadness which belongs to the human race, the reality of it all, swept through him. There was no Good; all things were Evil. Man, the helpless, the hopeless, was a fool to strive against the inevitable. The cards were stacked, the dice were loaded; and Fate always, always won.

Well, he knew what he would do. The river was before him. A quarter of a mile downstream he saw the line of lights that marked the great bridge, where there were many people. But here he saw no one. Mary and the children would be no worse off. In fact, there would be one less mouth to feed.

He rose and walked toward the bank. A slight murmur rose from the slow-moving water. It would be good and cool in there, and it would mean a long sleep. He was very tired and very sleepy.

Then he heard a man clearing his throat and he turned to see a policeman watching him.

"Hi, buddy," called the officer, "better get back here. You ain't s'posed to walk on that grass."

"A'right," Fred muttered. They wouldn't allow him to make a living, humanity wouldn't; and now they were going to prevent his doing with his life, the most personal possession he had, what he wished to do with it.

"I ought to run you in, buddy," the officer said when Fred reached the sidewalk; "but I'll let you off this time. Can't you read them signs?"

Fred walked slowly down the street. A few blocks, and then he would come back to the river. It was the only way he saw now. Mary would sorrow for him a while, but she could get along better without him. The weight on his soul was too grievous to be borne; it was far greater than Mary's. She had but to sit at home, while he had to meet time and again with failure and rebuff.

By now he was far out Market Street, although he did not realize his whereabouts

until he looked up suddenly to see a car stop before one of the great houses some distance away. A well dressed middle-aged man got out and the car was driven away.

He was one of the fortunate, Fred mused; one of the men who did not know what it meant to tramp the streets, hungry, thinking of a starving wife and children.

When he came up to the house, Fred noticed a dark object lying on the sidewalk. Without thinking, he picked it up and found it to be a leather wallet.

Fred forgot his troubles. His eager fingers tore the wallet open to disclose a wad of crisp green bills. His heart leaped and a gladness swept over him. He counted the bills, noticing the denomination of them in the dim light, and when he had finished he stood with dazed eyes.

"Five hundred, even," he muttered.

Then, thinking of the risk he ran by thus standing on the sidewalk with the open wallet in his hand, he hastily folded it and placed it in his pocket. Up to this moment he had not reasoned. The sight of the money had caused him to be swept away. Naturally, his primary impulse was one which prompted him to think only of this money as his. But now, as his mind cleared of its elation, a new element asserted itself. Probably the man whom he had seen going into the great house had lost the wallet, for it was lying just at the gate. Had it been dropped there by someone else, the man would have noticed it.

Well, since he knew to whom it belonged he would be a thief if he kept it, and his conscience would worry him, too. The only thing to do, then, was to return the wallet to its owner. If he did this he was sure of a reward, enough to last Mary and him until he could get work. Or, maybe, he could get work from this man. Life was not so bad, after all; it had its breaks.

He went up the walk, stepped quietly onto the porch, and pushed a bell button. He was becoming somewhat ill at ease when the door was opened by a servant.

"Why, er, can I see the fellow that lives here?" he asked nervously.

"Mr. Balfour can see no one tonight."

"But—well, I got something he lost, and I want to give it back to him."

"Step inside a minute, please." The servant was gone. Fred looked dazedly at the luxurious furnishings that were visible from his position.

"Come this way." The servant's voice startled him.

He was led into a great room which served the purpose of a library and study for Mr. Balfour. The man sat in an easy chair, his legs stretched out, a cigar in his mouth. He was not handsome; on the contrary, he was a rather ugly man—large, puffy, with a sour face. He did not rise as Fred entered the room; he looked up and scowled.

"My name's Hastings, Mr. — Mr. Balfour —"

"Well?"

"I—I found something that I thought might be yours, since it was just outside your gate." He fingered his hat and shifted the weight of his body from one foot to the other. "I saw you come in just before I found it."

"What did you find, young man? Be concise with your statements." The tone was surly, vitriolic.

"Here it is," Fred blurted out, at the same time handing the wallet to Balfour. "Is it yours?"

Balfour rose slowly and took the proffered object. After he had examined it rather carelessly he replied, "Yes, it's mine." He then sat down again. "Thank you, young man.

"Say!" he exclaimed sharply. "Did you open that wallet?"

"Ye-yes, sir. I opened it before I thought. I didn't take a thing out, though."

"Well, we won't discuss that now. If you want any proof that it is my wallet, I can give it to you: there is five hundred in it."

"Yes, sir."

Balfour, having opened the wallet, carefully counted the bills. "All here," he muttered. With a slow gesture he placed it in his pocket and picked up a book.

"Er—Mr. Balfour—"

"Yes. It's all right. I don't hold you guilty for opening it. Good evening."

Fred was dazed. Before he knew it he had been conducted to the door and it had been closed behind him. It was incredible, yet it had happened. In spite of his belief that honesty paid, it had happened. It might not have been so bad at any other time, but just now—he did need the money, so badly.

With a slow step and with bewildered eyes, he walked down Market Street. His hopes were all gone now; if they had been at zero before, they were now negative.

When he came to Gretchen Street he hardly noticed the name for a moment. Then he began to form associations—Gretchen led to Front Street, and Front Street was along the Susquehanna.

Slowly, with bowed head, he turned his steps towards the cool, dark river.

HIS FIRST WEDDING

By John C. Otts, Jr.

IT was Spring. The air carried the odor of a new-found existence. The birds were singing joyously their songs of praise, and the trees, now for so long dead, had been given a new lease on life. The glorious sun shone down on an earth, green and beautiful, and a light breeze fluttered the new-born leaves in rhythmic motion.

The new spirit of life was not confined to nature alone, for a well-dressed young man was walking briskly down the main street, seemingly reveling in the vernal air. He was dressed immaculately from head to foot. He wore a high-top silk hat, a swallow-tailed coat, dark striped pants, and spats. His shoes were bright, to conform with his general appearance. His face was beaming with joy; yet there was a perceptible air of excitement

and uneasiness about him. He could not keep his hands still; his tie always needed readjustment; there was forever a particle of dust on his coat lapel.

Mortimer James was on his way to the church. At last this great moment had arrived for which he had been trying to prepare himself. He was going to his first wedding. It was to be at twelve noon, and that hour was but fifteen minutes away. They must be gathering at the church now. How nervous he was even now, and he was getting more so each minute! Would the ceremony ever be over?

To get up before a great gathering like this would be, seemed terrible to Mortimer. If he had had experience in this sort of thing, it would be different, but this was his first attempt. These reflections brought little beads of perspiration on his forehead. His feet suddenly reminded him of the Eskimo. At the very thought of entering before this crowd, his heart sank deeper and deeper. Oh well! It would soon be over and he would have had the experience.

But then a beautiful image flashed into his mind. It was that of the beautiful bride. She was undoubtedly the prettiest and best girl in town. He knew that. But was the groom good enough for her? He hoped so.

At last the tall spires of the church came into view, and Mortimer's heart sank to new depths. He could see finely dressed ladies and gentlemen walking into the church. Surely it was twelve. What if he were late! He quickened his steps; his heart-beat quickened.

Mortimer entered the church at the altar. What a magnificent looking people! The church was full, and many were standing in the rear. Oh, how he prayed that he might go through the ceremony without a quiver.

The bride, on the arm of her father, was walking slowly down the aisle. How lovely she was in pure white. How proud the groom should be of such a good and beautiful bride. He surely must be proud of her.

The rest seemed like a dream to him. It was over before he knew it. How proud he was of himself. He knew that he could do it. In fact, there wasn't anything at all to it. Why had he dreaded it, he asked himself, now that it was over.

He had performed his first marriage. Rev. Mortimer James was now an experienced minister.

RESURGAM

By Thomas W. Herbert

Come blow, O stormy wind, come blow
From out thy shadowed bosom rushing,
Let roll the deep thunder.
Reach down thy darting fire below,
Touch crags in sudden torrents gushing,
And blast them asunder.
Fling forth thy hurtling, liquid gems;
The far-ranged mountains, dimly lying,
Blot out with thy beating.
Drench the leaves, and wrench their stems;
Assail that muscled strength, defying
Thee: never retreating:—

I

Coloring, raging, lend me thy power,
Bursting and booming. Fearful I cower
Under thy lightning, whipped by thy lashing;
Exultant, though: wildly filled with thy dashing,
Reverberant spirit. Sullenly crush me,
Stunning with fury; try, then, to hush me.
I defy thee; I taunt thee; my challenge I fling thee.
Exuberance equal to thine here I bring thee.
Laugh at me? Pity me? Shriek in derision?
Show me again thy desolate vision?
"What is left by my passion my patience consumes;
Fierce hail's bitter work rain gently resumes.
The granite peak will, after all,
Tremble, totter, and, plunging, fall."

II

But I, O tempest, I have life
To triumph in the cruel strife
With thee. Staggered at each blow
From thy rough hand, thou noble foe,
I rebounding, yet shall rise
And stand, with forehead to the skies,
Eager for thee again to bring,
In shadows of thy curling wing,
The test of thy tumult. Thou givest me
The single gift I ask of thee.
Thou hast battered, and stripped, and bruised me long;
But, take my thanks, hast made me strong.

LIFE

By A Dreamer

I AM LIFE.

All men possess me.

I give to all men.

Some men hate me; some men cherish me. By some, I am hoarded as the miser hoards his gold; by some, I am freely spent. Some carefully use me; some foolishly squander me.

I am all things to all men. To some, I am wealth, happiness, and contentment; to others, I am privation, sadness, and misery. To some I give health; to others, sickness. I have many names. I am tragedy; I am comedy; I am romance. I am fame to some; I am ignominy to others.

The duration of my stay with men is never definitely fixed. I depart from some before they even know me. I abide with some until they are willing to see me go; with others until they wish me gone; with others until they drive me away.

I give to all men.

All men possess me.

I am Life.

WHY THE WIND WHISTLES

By Albert L. Allen

"DEY ain' no use, as whut I can see, o' bein' scairt o' de win'," mused Uncle Rufus, half to himself and half to us as he turned the other side of his axe to the file, " 'caze atter all, it ain't de Ole Scratch whut whistles, as most peoples bleeve, but jes a ornery human critter."

A remark of this sort, coming at an auspicious time from Uncle Rufe, anticipated, necessarily, some explanation.

"Naw, suh; it ain't de Ole Scratch in de win', an' I'se gwine tell yuh how come.

"Long time ago, when de win' used t' jes blow, dey wuz a great big strappin' nigguh spo'tin' a great big strappin' nigguh gal. Now whut dat ah nigguh foun' in dat nigguh gal, an' whut she foun' in him, I ain' gwine take it 'pon myself to say. De nigguh hisself, as a six-yeah old, wuz so ugly dat he used t' give his paw de stomach ache, twell one day de po' man up an' lef' home. As fuh de young 'oman, she wa'nt pow'fully much bettuh, 'caze dey tol' me when she spoke t' company, her mammy allus made her look de yuther way. She wuz as big as her paw, an' he didn't lak her a-tall, 'caze she could wear his shoes. De gal had eyes jes lak him—she talk jes lak him. Folks couldn't tell 'em apart when dey talked. Mo'n dat, she could plow lak him, too. Well, some say dey didn't tell de ole man 'bout de coteship, an' some say de paw wuz a mean nigguh anyhow,

an' he tol' Sambo Mullikan in plain langridge dat 'fo' he aspoused o' Sallyann he had to pay fuh all dem shoes she'd wo' out. Sambo, he didn't ha' no money, an' so one day he 'lowed to Sallyann, 'lowed he, as how he might jes come a-swipin' o' her out'n' de house sometime. Sallyann say naw, 'caze her paw wuz a mighty mean man, an' she wuz most scairt t' death o' him, an' 'lowed as how she'd ruther not be swiped. De trufe wuz, I spec', she didn't love him enough to perlope wi' him, nohow. But one windy night—a cole an' chilly night—dish yere fool Sam come prowlin' roun' de house, an' gin t' sniff purty loud an' holluh fuh Sallyann, an knock on de wall, an' bimeby de ole man heahd him, an' de tale sez he jes' sot dere, an' listen'.

"Well, one window 'gin t' rattle, den anuther, an' anuther, an' de doh rattled, too; and when de old man heahd all dem vicambrous knocks cummin' in on 'im, he might nigh got riled. Cos' Sallyann, she wuz 'sleep too long ago t' talk about. De ole man got up an crept t' de window lak a cat.

"De nigguh boy say, 'I'se come to w-o-o you, w-o-o you, w-o-o you!'

" 'Dat you, Sam, sugah-pie?' axed de ole paw, jes lak' Sallyann mought, 'Dat you?'

Den Sambo waited a minnit, an studied, an las' say, 'Yep, dis him; whut ail o' you? I might nigh woke up de ole man.' "

At this point, Uncle Rufus paused a little, and looked slyly at us, and chuckled, as if he were the old man himself.

" 'Naw, Sammy, dat ole man sleep lak' a log. Don't be a-scairt. Jes' cum rat in thoo dat window.'

"Now folksies, dat wuz easy talkin', but I'se gwine tell you de trufe—dat window wuz bolted. While Sambo was a-finin' dat out, de ole man poured mo' watuh in de big pot on de fire. De window 'gin t' rattle agin', an' Sam got nuhvous.

" 'Oh—Sallyann—I sez—oh, Sallyann: dish yere window's bolted, Sallyann.'

"De ole paw heahd him whisp'in an' gwine on, an' he cum ovuh dere in the bigges' surprise you evuh heahd tell about.

" 'Well, ding dong my gizzud, honey, ef it ain't! Go to de yuther one, Sammy, boy.'

"While Sam wuz gone to de yuther one, de paw got de fire hot, an' cum' t' de window, an' rapped on de pane.

" 'Uh, Sammy, hun, I bleeve dey's all bah'd. Try de doh, Sam.'

"An' dat poh' black son o' creation went fumblin' roun' de doh, an' de ole man didn't do nuthin' but pack mo' wood on' de fire, sayin' to hisself, 'Him cummin' to w-o-o you, w-o-o—oh, Lawd!' An' he made de fire hottuh. Den he creep to de doh and whispuh out:

" 'Sammy, son, I can't budge dese locks. Oh, Lawdy—ef you lak me, Sam—ef you want me, Sam—de onliest way is t' cum aftuh me—down de chimbly, Sam.'

"De ole man don't get no answuh.

" 'Is you cummin', Sam?'

" 'Is I?' axed Sam, 'is I cummin'?'

" 'Well now don't wake up paw, Sam, an' do zackly as I tells yuh. When yuh is half down de chimbly, jes shet yo' eyes, an tuh'n yo'self loose into my ahms, Sam—you can sort o' pine away, you know, Sam, an'

say "Oh," ef you wanna, an' I'll be ready, an' we'll leave dish yer place in a hurry.'

"De ole man listen, an' when he heah a clamberin' on de roof, he take an' kyver de fire all up wid ashes, and slip off de lid, an' put de lamp out. An' bimeby, he heah a noise comin' down, down, down, and den he heah a pinin' away, an a 'Oh!' and splash! —and den de ole man clap on de lid. Den he chuckle t' hisself, an' snatch a corner o' de bed-post up an' put it on de lid, and crawl under de kyver, an' go t' sleep.

"As fuh Sambo Millikan, he ain't got much sense lef', but he remember t' holler sumpin' 'bout 'woo!' an go on twell Sallyann come in, 'caze she heahd de splash awready. Now atter waitin' fuh her paw t' go to sleep, she jack up de bedpost rat gently-lak, y' know, and remove de lid, an', gentlemens! Dere's Sambo! He jes look rat pale-lack, an' lack a sperit, an' stared hard at Sallyann, an' all he could say wuz:

" 'W-o-o you; w-o-o you; w-o-o, w-o-o!'

"In a jiffy, Sambo kicked de kittle ovuh, an' flew up de chimbly in a cloud o' ash. Sallyann went t' de winder, an peered out in de cole moonlight, but all she could see wuz Sam's sperrit, de thin, hollow frame, sailin' ovuh de tree tops in a gust o' win.' An' dey come a wail, sad, lonesome-lack, long, as a fah-off whistle dat says, 'W-o-o! W-o-o!' De paw heahd it, an' he knowed rat now why dem windows wuz rattlin' ag'in, an' de dohs a-bangin', an' when he wuz awready 'bout t' have a chill, he heahd sumpin' pa-miliar, fah-away, sumpin' he had heahd befo', an' he sot dere, an' shivered, 'caze de thing howled, and moaned, an' whistled an' said, 'W-o-o! W-o-o!' "

SHOULD YOU PASS ME

By Howard Berry

Should you pass me
Dark at midday,
Standing all alone,
Tossing arms against a sky
Where the wind moans drearily
As though the earth would die—

Should you pass me—

Listen—hush!

Should you pass a tree at midnight,
Standing all forlorn,
Casting arms into a sky
Where the wild west wind mounts high—
Arms that toss in angry pain
All night long in snow and rain,
Arms that reach their knotted length
Testing all the storm's vast strength,
Arms that bear no luscious fruit,
Only gall from twig to root,

Look you round and mark you well
How the forest slowly fell

To the woodsman's ringing axe,
Till he stopped, his arm dropped lax,
And around him he surveyed
All the ruin he had made,
Resting then at last an eye
On the tree he had passed by:

" 'Tis no good: the wood's too tough,
Limbs too crooked, bark too rough;
Hell's own lightning could not tear
Heart from all that wild trunk there!"

Think you then how it had grown
In the soil where God had sown
Parent seed
Feeling need
From the first:
Blanching thirst,
Trampling feet,
Storms that beat
Awful siege,
Hell's own liege
Turning free
Fury of ten thousand fires
From the deserts o'er the sea.

See it then: the trees around
Force it back into the ground,
Hide the sky with limbs spread wide,
Sap the food from sapling's side.
Vain it tries to gain the light,
Reaching first out to the right,
Then despairing of the tasks,
Just a breath of air it asks,
Just one chance to greet the sun
And the vict'ry would be won.

Back! The tall trees hold it down
Till again it turns around,
Growing out to azure cleft
Showing on its stunted left;
Once again 'tis stopped midway—
Forest giants hold utter sway.

Now 'tis grown: the tough trunk tried,
Warped and wounded every side—

Woodsmen seek no such as these,
Fires burn best of weaker trees.

Should you pass me
Some white noon,
Think of this
And hurry on.

THE RECITAL

By James P. Carroll

THEY had thought that he was asleep, but he wasn't. He had heard every word that his son, Ted, known to the world as Theodore Harmon, the Great American Tenor, had said about his condition. He had seen the doctor give Ted a little green bottle; he had seen Ted furtively place the bottle in the clock. Ted had said nothing to him about the contents of the bottle, but he knew—he had heard.

The old man wearily turned over on his side. He closed his eyes and seemed to be asleep.

"This is radio station WUZ. Beginning at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, you will have the distinguished privilege of hearing Theodore Harmon, the Great American Tenor, in recital. Mr. Harmon will give his recital in the American Symphony Hall, but his songs will go out to the world over one of the biggest radio hook-ups ever made. To really appreciate the genius of Mr. Harmon one must see as well as hear him, but those who are not so fortunate as to be able to attend the recital tonight will feel abundantly repaid for listening in tonight. This is radio station WUZ signing off until nine o'clock, at which time Theodore Harmon will broadcast his recital from the American Symphony Hall."

The old man had been listening breathlessly. How he did wish he could go! He had never attended one of his son's public performances. He had never been able to enjoy his triumph, to share his glory, on account of his heart. How it was thumping even now! For the past month, he had been looking forward to this night. He had been led to believe that he would be able to attend. He had lived for this night. Ted had come yesterday from New York for his initial appearance as an artist before his own people. How happy they were together! How many wonderful things Ted had planned! He might even sit on the platform with him! Wonderful! Glorious! To hear everyone say, "That is Theodore Harmon's father!" That one hour would be worth all of the many troublesome years that he had spent rearing and training Ted. And then had come the spell. He was confined to his bed. The doctor had come. His word was final, he must not go to the recital, it would kill him. His hopes were blasted; his dreams were shattered; he was crushed. Ted and the doctor had gone into a corner of the room. They thought that he could not hear—but he could.

"But, doctor, can't he go? Isn't there some way?"

"In his present condition, it is utterly impossible. Of course," producing the green bottle, "this preparation would strengthen him. It would enable him to get up, to walk. You would think that he was well, but it would kill him. He might live through the recital and he might not. In his present condition, without taking this, he can live possibly three or four months if he remains in bed. You must use your own judgment, but if he were my father I would let him live as long as he could."

Then the pallor had come over Ted's face. He had hastily concealed the bottle in the clock.

"No—no, I won't give it to him."

How vividly he recalled the whole scene! He turned again and rang a bell. The butler came in.

"Henry, what time is it?"

"Eight-thirty, sir."

"Well, fix the radio so that I can hear Ted. Then you may go; I want to be alone tonight."

"Yes, sir."

. . . . . .

The American Symphony Hall was crowded. People had come from miles around to see and hear and marvel at this boy who had grown up among them. With the very first number, he captivated his audience. Those dignified and aristocratic people were literally swept off their feet. They clapped, they cheered, they shouted. Now they clutched the arms of their chairs and leaned forward in breathless expectancy; now they relaxed into laughter; now they melted into tears. As the master musician has absolute control over his organ and can at will bring out the various stops, so this man with his beautiful voice controlled his hearers.

Everyone leaned anxiously forward. He was speaking!

"Ladies and gentlemen, my friends, you have been wonderful to me this evening. I can't tell you how much I appreciate your kindness. You have made me very happy. There is only one thing that I regret tonight; my father could not come with me. We had so hoped that he could, but he is sick. I wanted him to sit here with me. I wanted to tell him in the presence of you all that if I have achieved any success, it is due entirely to his love—his care. He is at home in bed now, but he is listening in on the radio and I want to dedicate my next number to him. All right, Dad, are you listening?"

When the applause died down, he began singing, "Daddy, dear old Daddy, you've been more than a Daddy to me." How he did sing it! There was a light on his face; he seemed to have been caught up into another realm. Never had his voice been so rich, so tender, so captivating. It was wonderful!

. . . . . .

It seemed that Ted would never get away after the recital. There were so many to shake hands with; so many congratulations to receive. He was happy, so happy, but he was eager to get home—to see his father. At last he broke away.

Ted tipped up to his father's room and slowly opened the door. Ah, he was asleep. He leaned over the bed.

"Dad, Dad."

There was no answer. Ted threw back the covers. On his father's face was a smile.

"Dad, Dad." His voice trembled.

The great artist blanched. He ran to the clock and nervously siezed the little green bottle.

It was empty.

"JUST BECAUSE A MAN SAYS—"

By J. Wadsworth Ingram

"I DON'T know what this world is coming to," I remarked to my wife, glancing up from the paper, removing my pipe from my mouth, and shoving my feet a little closer to the fire.

"Why?" she asked, as a woman will do. If my wife were told that, henceforth, she could use but two words, I am sure that she would choose "why" and "because," and, no doubt, she would get along wonderfully.

"Listen," I replied. " 'Citizens warned against thief posing as telephone inspector. A man who gains admittance to homes by saying that he wishes to examine the telephone, and then robs the house, is believed to be working this way. He is described as rather—' "

"He was here today."

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, "did he get—"

"No, no," she explained, "not the thief, the telephone inspector."

"How do you know that he was not the thief?" I asked, hotly. "That's just like you women, admitting any and everybody into the house. Just because a perfectly strange man says he is telephone inspector, you invite him right in, and give him every opportunity to loot the whole household. It's a wonder you—"

"Well, he didn't get anything," said my wife sweetly. That's what always makes me so mad. If she would only get angry and argue, instead of remaining so calm.

"How do you know that he didn't get anything?" I asked, not willing to be outdone.

"Because," she explained, and began darning a sock as if the matter were settled.

"Did you watch him all the time he was inspecting?"

"Most of the time," she affirmed sweetly.

"I didn't ask you whether you watched most of the time; I said all of the time," I stormed.

"Dear, what a wonderful lawyer you would have made," she said, smiling one of her sweetest smiles. "It's not too late yet. Mr. Brown took a correspondence course in 'How to Masticate the Food Properly.' I suppose they give a lawyer's—"

"Did you stay in the room all of the time?" I asked again very irritably.

"Well, I do believe I went out for a few minutes. In fact, he sent me up-stairs after—"

"Oh, Lord!" I groaned. "Why didn't you give him a suit-case to carry it away in?"

"He already had one," she answered, not even looking up.

"What!" I ejaculated.

"Well, it wasn't exactly a suit-case," she explained, "but a little black bag. He said he kept his tools in it. He was very nice; he told me all about the telephone business."

"Well, we might as well begin checking up," I heaved.

"Why?"

"To see how much he left," I said, rising and getting a pencil and pad. "Come on."

Then the inventory began. We started at the front of the house and worked to the back. If you ever want to find out how much stuff you have accumulated, just start counting it. We checked sheets, pillow-cases, spreads, chairs, rugs, beds and other hardware and found them all there.

"Just as I expected," I explained to my wife. "Naturally he wouldn't bother with such small articles. Let's begin on the silverware and china."

For fifteen minutes we checked in silence. "Ah!" cried I, triumphant at last, "where are the olive spoons that Cousin Sophia gave us? He took them, and I wouldn't have taken a fortune for them."

"Oh! Mrs. Zudnacker borrowed them for a dinner she is giving." The search continued.

"The napkin ring that Uncle Zeph gave me is gone," I cried. "I will never get over it."

"O, yes," she said sweetly, "you are over it now. I stored it in the cellar today."

"What about the cut-glass finger bowl?" I asked.

"Why you know you broke it that time you tried to drink out of it." I became strangely silent.

At 12:16 we quit. Everything was accounted for. I confess I was disappointed. Just before I turned out the light Mary said, "He's coming back tomorrow; he didn't finish today."

"Good," I exclaimed involuntarily. "I mean, I'll stay home from the store tomorrow and tend to him. You might invite him to haul off the whole house."

I never knew there were so many inspectors. A man came around to inspect the stove. I sat with him for an hour and watched him fix the stove, expecting that at every moment he would attempt to rob me. Next, came the light inspector. Another hour gone. The 'phone rang. "Is this the market inspector?" asked a gruff voice. I slammed up the receiver. Finally the telephone inspector arrived. My wife whispered that he was the man, so I set about to trap him.

"Who invented the telephone and why," I asked.

"I dunno," he replied. "I didn't." One in my favor. Clearly, he was not a telephone man. I sat for a few minutes, then went out and burst back into the room suddenly, expecting to catch him red-handed. I repeated this process many times, but to no avail. Each time I re-entered, I found him as I had left him. Finally he left. I was crestfallen, but I put up a bold front to my wife, explaining that I had probably deterred this man from a predatory act.

With that, I left for the store. The uneventful hours rolled by. That night I went to the cash register to check up on the cash and transfer it to the safe. I gave the alarm, and called the clerks together.

"Great guns! We've been robbed," I exclaimed. "How could it happen with all of us in here?"

No one offered an explanation. All of our theories were exhausted, when the delivery boy spoke up.

"What about that cash register inspector?" he asked.

I hooted the idea. "He was from headquarters. He said he just wanted to see that the cash register was in good condition."

"Just because a man says—"

"Shut up," I growled, and then, laughing, "I've got the money in my pocket," patting my inside pocket. "I was just pulling a joke."

They were satisfied. Thank the Lord none of them asked to see the money!

FRAGMENT

By Howard Berry

Sing me a song of sweet meaning,
Strumming of plaintive guitars,
Nights with a moon in the waning,
Millions of burning, near stars:
Nights with a breeze from old Dixie
Bearing the tales I would hear—
Tales of a mammy
  Singing and croning,
    Softly intoning
      Dreams she is dreaming
        'Neath the stars' gleaming,
Into a pinky li'l' ear.

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EDITORIALS

Gems

A man, walking through the woods once, came across some very peculiar rocks. Thinking them pretty, he picked them up and put them in his pocket. Walking on a little farther, he heard a bird singing. He looked, and the bird was sitting in a tree which stood on the edge of a river. He wanted to kill the bird, and, finding nothing else to throw at it, he began throwing the peculiar rocks. Each rock that he threw missed the bird and fell into the river. He drew forth the last rock, but seeing it sparkle, he put in back into his pocket.

When he reached the city he met an old friend.

"Look at the peculiar rock that I found."

"Rock! Why man, that's a diamond."

Every day is a diamond. Are we throwing them at birds?

Plans

In another part of the State, a modern high school had just been completed. People came from all parts of the country to examine and admire it. It was up-to-date in every respect. It was beautifully and adequately furnished in every department. The architecture was attractive; the appearance of the whole was imposing. Everything went well until one old taxpayer had the curiosity to ask, "How is the plant to be heated?" Then, for the first time, the architect and the trustees realized that no provision had been made for heating the building. In making the plans, they had left out the heating system!

A man graduated from college, worked four years in a store, got married, and then decided that he wanted to be a doctor. Financial conditions were not favorable; his mind was less plastic than it formerly was.

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Consequently, he is still striving, at the age of thirty, to obtain his degree. No doubt he will get it sooner or later. He may even make a good doctor, but think of the years, the money, the energy that he wasted.

Like the architect, he failed to lay his plans carefully. He labored for four years only to find, at the end of that time, that the most important, the most vital part of his life, his profession, had been ignored.

Are we carefully and intelligently planning our lives?

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ALBERT ALLEN, *Editor*

"THE BRAMBLER"
(Sweet Briar College, Va.)

We like the "Mother Goose" number immensely. There is an air of superiority—and likewise charm—that pervades it.

The story in which Flopsy is the protagonist is almost entrancing. It is fanciful expression that makes the story, for with less skill in this respect the account might have been dull.

"Field Work," by its very nature provincial, is done well enough to be interesting; "Prelude to the Princess," a drama, has an attractive setting and an enviable raciness of style. We cannot refute the statement that a hundred-eighty-mile trip is worth while, when such a journey is productive of a fine essay like "An Afternoon with Mr. Crist."

The editorial, with its clever introduction about "the wondrous man from Thessaly," can be given rank with the narratives, and the poetry is not inferior to the rest. We are delighted especially with imitations of the rimes we used to read long ago in the real Mother Goose. No name is affixed to "Thoughts," but we deem it creditable enough for anybody.

"As We Pass By," a choice group of quotations, and the resurrected verse of your contributors' childhood, are sparks of originality such as an editor does not often come across within a year's review.

"THE CONCEPT"
(Converse College)

"The Concept" is excellent, but we have the opinion that the Christmas number is inferior to the preceding issue. The most noticeable quality of this periodical is its constant variety.

Taking a prime place amid the contents is Miss Gasque's "Children of Fate," which we absorbed with relish. As a brief tale—we avoid discriminately the term short story—it does not fall a great length from perfection. "Christ When a Child a Garden Made" evinces depth of feeling, and yet is without appeal. "Wedding Bells" is a pleasing little play—its execution is individualistic; "Perhaps Christmas Eve" and "Queen of the Seas" are also well done.

Your "Wild Thyme" is, as usual, of a high type: of all the poetry, we think "In Favor With God and Man" the best. We would like very much to see a commentary on the "Journal" in your exchange.

"THE CHRONICLE"
(Clemson College)

The October "Chronicle" is the only issue

available to us, but we like it well enough, on the whole, to venture a criticism.

"Three-Fifty," without exception, transcends all college stories we have examined thus far. It is intrinsically a short short story, of equal excellence as to subject matter and technique. The author, we regret to note, is a last year's graduate, who contributes also another piece. In this essay, however, he appears to have wasted valuable effort on a topic, indelicate and repulsive—a common hot-dog.

"The Blue Streak" is a hackneyed sort of story that we think had best gone without repetition. The climax of "The Ideal Girl" is a genuine surprise for us, or for anyone who might brave the somewhat platitudinous style. "The Old Story" is ingenious.

What verse the magazine offers is mediocre at best. Your system of publishing a "story number" or a "poetry number"—to speak in all candor—we disapprove hugely.

"THE CAROLINIAN"
(University of South Carolina)

With pictures interspersed here and yonder among articles as lightsome as the pictures, "The Carolinian" is not a little attractive.

We admire the polish and finesse of the initial story, rather awkwardly entitled "Enough Is Too Much." The mysterious "F. B." who writes the narrative, as well as a delightful comment on current books, is evidently not a novitiate with the pen. Of all possible names, the author of "Many Waters" might have chosen another than the undistinguishing "John Wallace." The outcome of "Traffickers In Life" is such a consummate flop after the elegant expression used within it, that the reader feels savagely tantalized.

"The Carolinian" appears to be a short story magazine—and a good one—with weakness in its poetry department.

On "No Smoking," to use a remark of an antique versifier, "fustian sits plumed." The book reviews, however, are unusual.

We hardly know what to make of "Obituary." Maybe it possesses too much of its "aura," or perchance the writer was—well, like her character—ecstatic from a flight upon the zephyrs.

"THE CHICORA MAGAZINE"
(Chicora College)

The Christmas "Chicora Magazine" is another varied issue. In addition, the contri-

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HURRAH FOR WOFFORD!
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butions are done with a naivete that pleases.

"A Word About Happiness" and "Helen Keller of South Carolina" are two expositions not frequently found in a day of inordinate story-writing. "The Star" likewise might be linked with these, although we see it was intended for a narrative.

In development, the drama "Constance" shows much skill, but the story element is quite commonplace.

Your editorial department is good and your exchange better. The poetry is at least readable—which remark is a tribute—and "Rest" is on the verge of being captivating.

"THE EROTHESIAN"
(Lander College)

"The Erothesian" as a whole is somewhat ordinary. It seems to be wanting in individuality.

"Theft," for instance, exhibits no imagination. "Campus Problems," ostensibly a department, is instructive, but without any other feature of commendation. As compared to the effusions of the previous number, your poetry shows improvement, notwithstanding it may yet be improved upon.

The exchange, editorial, and book departments are on par with those of other magazines. We appreciate keenly the truth in "My Waterloo."

"PANTHER TALES"
(Charlotte College)

The only article we can praise is "A Story About a Dame." Each of your other three stories—we speak in all friendliness—is the last word in puerility. The quotation placed on the back is, per se, a fine one; and we must say that we liked—the pictures.

The Humble Appendage

Having discovered now the auctorial tendency of our college men of letters, "The Exchange" grows querulous somewhat in advance, and sends up a request for a change in the menu. The bill of fare, we find, becomes alarmingly constant, and surely it is more than guess to say that studious writers, anyway, are vegetarian.

It would be a commonplace to quote Wilkie Collins with his exhortation about making the reader "laugh—cry—wait"; and still, in the capacity of reviewer, we have yet in the future our first explosion of mirth, initial suspense, or primary sob.

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The suggestion is literal—if you please—and however vainly, we shall search with all industriousness for something colorful, and shut our eyes to your rehashed stories of Mary Jane.

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

The most outstanding form of literature of the year 1928, both numerically and qualitatively, was the biography. During the year hundreds of these "lives" poured from the presses and almost flooded the reading public. The majority of these books will die a natural death, but a few of them, without doubt, will live as literature of which America, as well as the rest of the world, should justly feel proud.

Biography is a potent influence in American literature today, and has been characterized by many as the best vehicle of creating permanent literature.

Among the worthy and readable works of 1928 in this line of writing are: Ludwig's "Goethe," D. B. Wyndham Lewis' "Francois Villon," Beveridge's "Life of Lincoln," Woodward's "Meet General Grant," and Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex." Of these

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five important biographies, "Francois Villon" and "Meet General Grant" stand out as significant.

"MEET GENERAL GRANT"
By W. E. Woodward

Through his humanizing life of George Washington, Mr. Woodward stepped forward as an author of the first rank. To the reading public in general, he has been greatly misunderstood. He is associated with "debunking" biographies, but should not be held responsible for the excesses of those who followed him.

"Meet General Grant" is an engrossing life of a greatly misunderstood man. Though the book is not a final authority on Grant, it gives an excellent portrait of the man and his times, and will keep the reader interested and charmed with Mr. Woodward's style.

Mr. Woodward is a native of South Carolina, having graduated at The Citadel. His book is very interesting and should be read by everyone interested in American life.

"FRANCOIS VILLON"
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

In the fourteenth century, in Paris, there lived one of the most famous and interesting personalities the world has ever known. The turbulent life of Francois Villon, the vagabond poet, has a tinge of excitement and daring for everyone who reads it, especially when the story is told by such a scholar as Mr. Lewis.

His life of Villon, published last September, has met with instant success and has been acclaimed as a final authority on the great French poet.

Villon has been called "the mad, bad, glad and sad poet of France." This one sentence describes him exactly.

Mr. Lewis' book, without doubt, will be one of the most important biographies of the year.

"POINT COUNTER POINT"
By Aldous Huxley

Mr. Huxley, one of the important younger writers of England, gives us an ambitious novel. He takes as his theme in "Point Counter Point" contemporary English life, and he pictures minutely the intricate ways and doings of the upper crust of London society. His work shows that he is thoroughly familiar with these people and his exact picture, like a camera, takes in every detail. He misses nothing.

Many times in the book, the story becomes tiresome, the action lags, and the characters do not accomplish anything.

With all these criticisms, however, there is humor, truthful portrayal of character, brilliant style, excellent conversation.

Probably three words will describe this novel better than anything else: brilliant, satirical, monotonous.

"AN ANTHOLOGY OF WORLD POETRY"
Edited by Mark Van Doren

This is not a collection of poetry, chosen for the excellence of the originals, but rather an account of the excellence of the English translations. Also, the long narrative poems were omitted and no abridgements included.

The anthology includes poems from eighteen different literatures. The time covered is from 3500 B. C. to 1928 A. D. So one sees that the scope is extremely wide.

It is difficult to understand why Mr. Van Doren gives more space to the French than to the English or to the American. Indeed, French is given more space than any other literature. The great fault with the American section is the total exclusion of William Vaughn Moody.

This is the first time that any such anthology has ever been attempted, and the result is a wonderful piece of work. In spite of its few obvious faults, "it places," as the New York Times says, "every poetry lover in his debt."

The New York Times Book Review characterizes it as a "literary event" and further says, "it is a pleasure to handle and a joy to own." —John Otts.

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THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

A Different Motive
Howard Pegram

Retribution
A. V. Smith

Just Feminine Impulse
Albert Allen

CONTRIBUTING

Howard Berry - James P. Carroll
Sam T. Creech - J. Wadsworth Ingram
Harold Miller - John C. Otts, Jr.

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LIFE

By Howard Berry

I

LIFE IS BIRTH

An enfant's cry,
An enfant's tear,
A father's hope,
A mother's prayer

II

LIFE IS JOY

A child's free play,
A blue bird's note,
A Maytime day
With clouds afloat.

III

LIFE IS LOVE

A maiden's smile
And laughing eyes,
A youth the while
In kind replies.

IV

LIFE IS FEAR

A feeble age
And eyes grow dim;
A soul that waits
The Terror's whim.

V

LIFE IS DEATH

A storm of night
That shrieks about,
As souls take flight
In death's great doubt.

JUST FEMININE IMPULSE

(Short Short Story)

By Albert Allen

WHEN Mr. Gladpoole entered the lighted hall of his dwelling at one-thirty in the morning, and gazed upon the face of Mrs. Gladpoole, he turned mechanically, and made a rather inglorious exit into the porch. From the porch he descended into the yard. Mr. Gladpoole was not frightened, but merely eccentric in the mode of punishing his wife. Perhaps, too, he reasoned. He could have argued that the anger of his young spouse would abate after a little.

It had not occurred to Mr. Gladpoole where he should go; as a matter of fact, the whole incident had been sudden. Stopping to consider, he rejected in succession as unfeasible the dog-house, the three cafes.

Aimlessly, he proceeded along the sidewalk. He was sorry he had ever married; acridly sorry he had ever come to such a town. The populace called it a town, but they did that because they couldn't call it anything else. Mr. Gladpoole's fellow citizens were not literary—they were not clever enough even to be colloquial. Mrs. Gladpoole—he disliked classifying his wife, but still she was content living with people that congregated to see a train which passed twice in seven days.

And yet Mrs. Gladpoole possessed talent—she had received offers—she had intrepidly told him so a month back in an outburst of frenzy. He blamed her for her narrowness: to be sure, there was a native attachment. Often he had thought of divorce. Impossible, he feared. Again he thought of it, and of going away.

"By Jove!" he reflected aloud, stopping to repose a foot against the curb. At times his manner became facetious.

A week's absence would have a wholesome effect, perhaps. He knew how it would disgrace Mrs. Gladpoole — he could see her shudder now. She was a minister's daughter, and the family called itself,—yes, orthodox. Gladpoole understood perfectly. Thinking of his wife, he laughed . . . a low laugh, dwindling away in a ludicrous grin. He, too, thought a divorce quite stigmatizing. Almost unconsciously, he was walking back. She—well, she had been umbrageous, to say the least, and she had spoiled both of them by fault-finding. . . .

Mr. Gladpoole opened the door and entered noisily. Not perceiving his wife this time, he dropped upon the red sofa in the hall-way. He did not like to leave the light burning, and still more he hated to lie on the gaudy sofa.

He could hear Mrs. Gladpoole rummaging about in the bedroom: indubitably, she was dressing. It always took Mrs. Gladpoole an hour to dress, so he hoped secretly she had been at it for some time. Her frame of mind, he suspected, was by no means angelic. In her chronic inertia, pursuit had been somewhat rare for Mrs. Gladpoole—she had been

guilty of such only four times before. Her usual method was to call her brother, and Mr. Gladpoole wondered where the lubberly scoundrel was now. He was not surprised to see the brother emerge tranquilly from the bedroom and cross the hall. Gladpoole regarded him disdainfully.

"I guess you won't bring me back this time," remarked he, consciously sardonic.

The big brother crossing the hall said nothing. To Gladpoole he was detestable. He had more muscle than cerebrum, and frequently Mr. Gladpoole had quit billiards to follow him home. He quit without argument, too, which pleased the big man hugely.

Irritably, Mr. Gladpoole pulled away a cushion, and rose to a sedentary posture. He had waited for something to happen. The wife was still bustling in the bedroom. He was indignant. Finally, he grasped his watch chain, and drew the timepiece from his pocket. It was a quarter to three. Mr. Gladpoole recalled it was Sunday morning now.

"The train passes between three and four," he mused. He swore again by Caesar's god, and stood up at once. He would have to hurry before Mrs. Gladpoole came out and changed his mind.

"The only train within a week. And it might have a wholesome effect." He was amused with his manner. To him it seemed careless, matrimonially uncommon.

Mr. Gladpoole stood at the station. Oblivious now to ideas of rashness, he listened to the puffs, strained and regular, which issued from a trifle of an engine. At length the whistle blew, and Mr. Gladpoole observed a glare, brilliant against the smoke. The train was drawing nearer. Soon he would be on it, and away from wife—brother-in-law—everything. He turned, walking to the place where the coach would stop. . . .

Mrs. Gladpoole was standing expectantly under the lamp over the station door. Her hair was ill done up; her arms were folded, and Gladpoole believed she repressed a shiver. The countenance, slightly averted, was distinct enough to appear cryptic. A great bulky creature was beside her, staring stupidly, hatless, and holding in his hand an umbrella. Except for wifely insight, it was beyond Mr. Gladpoole how they guessed he had come there.

Mr. Gladpoole hesitated. Inwardly, he pitied his wife, standing timidly, hopelessly alone and unprotected. Maybe it was because her brother was beside her that she looked so.

With some remorse, he remembered her pains on more ocasions than one to bring him home, when he had been out, incredibly late. And now in person she had trudged through the darkness to the depot. . . . The powerful headlight blazed full upon him. . . . In the end, Mr. Gladpoole hesitated.

"Annie," he said at last. His approach was somewhat diffident. "I'm—I'm sorry. That big nut won't have to take me home now. You know, I suppose—I was running away."

The train had halted before the station.

"Why have you changed so suddenly?" she asked, speaking rapidly, staccato. The familiar rebuke was in her tone.

"Well—I saw you standing—I felt—oh, what difference does it make?" queried he

benignantly. "I said, I think, that I would go home."

"Don't bother, Donald—at least for me." Her voice was high-pitched and unnatural.

She reached within the door to get a travelling bag and a hatbox.

"You see," she said quickly, "I am running away myself."

WHY STUDY GREEK?

By Harold Miller

THE FACT that the study of Greek has fallen into disrepute, or, rather, disregard, does not prove necessarily that the language is unworthy of study. It is due to some extent to the disregard with which students are apt to select their studies rather than to any inherent qualities in the language itself. For, if one looks into the past, he will discover that Greek has played a primary role in the education of man. The Italian Renaissance was merely the revival of Greek learning and life, which was caused by the Turkish inhabitation of Byzantium. But to this recreation of the learning of Hellas, civilization owes more than it does to any other direct source of education. It may be said without much exaggeration that Grecian learning is the basis of our life and culture. From the day of the Renaissance until the twentieth century, the study of Greek and Greek literature has held a sacred place in the curriculum of every school, being universally studied where the standard of education was highest. The preeminent, the most successful in every field of life, have studied it. Milton and Shakespeare derived much of their greatness from Greece. Pater, the English essayist, was so inspired by it that he devoted years of study to it. Carlyle and Ruskin found in it their inspiration. Gladstone continued his study during his long life, using it as an antidote to his political career. Goethe was an enthusiast over this period of world history. Dante owed his greatness to it indirectly. Whenever men have desired to study true greatness, they have invariably turned to Greek.

That the study of Greek develops the mind and establishes in the student habits of accuracy, clear thinking, and consistency is a commonplace. That a student derives a vast amount of pleasure and actual enjoyment requires no proof. It is also evident to the student of Greek that it gives to our own language not only professional words but words commonly used as well. This discussion, however, will be reserved rather to prove that there are in Greek the very qualities upon which there is such general insistence in modern life. This insistence resolves itself into the demand that things must be beautiful and harmonious, and that those things which lack the qualities of beauty be cast off.

Hellas has contributed to the world more than any other country. Much has been given, and many countries have assisted, but

Greece has surpassed all not only in the splendor of her gifts but in their true worth. Especially is this so of her culture and art. The Athenian Acropolis, crowned by the stately Parthenon, has been the basis of world architecture. Grecian sculptors received their art in a barbaric form and evolved it into an inimitable form. On many other gifts to civilization, Greece has founded her greatness. But from her we have received one supreme offspring: her language. Through this medium we have our greatest epics: the Illiad and the Odyssey. The fathers of the drama, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and our greatest philosophers are known to us through the Greek language. Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon are our models of history. Add to these an innumerable host of minor writers, and the Greek literature is surpassed by none. It has given to the world the supreme in the realms of poetry, drama, and philosophy. But it is not only because Hellenic speech brings to us so much of great writing that it is to be treasured as a precious jewel. It is more because of the innate qualities of the language.

The Hellenes permitted nothing of dissonance to enter their lives. They cultivated their bodies to perfect themselves physically. They studied music to endow their minds with rhythm and beauty. They strove to perfect their minds by study and thought. Everything they did was done in the most perfect manner. It is no wonder that a race, in themselves possessing attributes so near to perfection, should leave to civilization a heritage as finished as the marble statues of Praxiteles or Phidias—their language. The language they used was the consummate product, the master-stroke. The Greek ear and eye, trained to discriminate in sound and sight, allowed no discrepancies. Their daily life was based on harmony and euphony. Nothing disturbed the harmony of their speech. Nothing was allowed to confuse their diction. Nothing survived that was displeasing to their sensibilities. The Greek language consequently became the masterpiece of masterpieces, as facile for epic as for lyric, and a marvel of expression.

Since the Greek language is so marvelously beautiful, it is only reasonable for students of today to study it. Stress is being placed upon the beautiful today. Our dress must be artistic, our physical beings developed, our minds capable of thinking concisely, our homes fashionable, our cities clean and well-planned, our music and speech harmonious. It is, then, only consonant with the prevailing spirit of the day and life that we pursue the study of Greek, since we so rigorously and exactingly demand beauty and cast off all that is without it.

Indubitably, we are developing constantly toward an appreciation of things of beauty and nicety. Deny it, but one's own actions prove that the denial is false. Partially, the popularity of football is due to the nature of the game. The spectacle is beautiful because of the smoothness, regularity, and spirit it displays. Again, a picture, if it is hanging unevenly on the wall, is irritating to an inborn sense of exactness. We feel a desire to straighten it, and until it is done, we feel an indefinite displeasure. Our minds, built upon

the heritage of the past, require things that are to the last degree exact, harmonious, euphonious, and pleasing.

It is sometimes intimated that Greek is not a beautiful language. This thought is not founded on the knowledge of the subject, but upon ignorance. The answer to it is to be found in the language itself. It is commonly asserted that Greek is a difficult study. If the assertion is true it is because Greek approaches so closely to the perfect. For what is perfect is hard for mortal minds to grasp. But in proportion as it approaches difficulty, and consequently perfection, it approaches beauty. Undoubtedly, perfection relies on beauty, and conversely. If then, Greek is difficult, it is for no other reason than that it so nearly approaches perfection. The difficulty of the language is soon forgotten in the enjoyment of its wondrous beauty.

AGE OLD

By J. Wadsworth Ingram

"THAT'S FUNNY," I remarked to my better ten-ninths, looking up from my book.

"Well, don't laugh too loud; you'll wake up Junior. But what is it that is so funny?" she ventured, not being able to suppress that womanish instinct.

"It's not exactly funny, I should have said queer or peculiar."

"Well, what is it?" again true to her sex.

"Oh, I was just thinking—"

"Say, you had it right the first time. That is funny—that's rare."

"But this is so unusual—"

"I agree with you."

"But this is so unusual," I continued, quite unabashed. "I just came across a passage which I am absolutely certain that I have read before—somewhere. But, for the life of me, I can't recall where."

"You always did have a remarkable capacity for forgetting. By the way, did you mail that letter which I gave you day before yesterday?"

I prevaricated and proceeded.

"I know that I have read that passage somewhere under these identical circumstances, and I had the same thoughts that I am thinking at this very moment. Why, it even seems to me that we discussed it before."

"What in the world are you driving at, John? You simply read it in your childhood, and now you recall it."

"But, I tell you, I remember it distinctly, Mary," I whispered, leaning slightly forward. "I've been thinking about it for a long time. I—I—I've lived before!"

She emitted a shrill cry and acted as if she were going to faint.

"Now, Mary," I said, soothingly, "calm yourself; it's nothing."

She proclaimed loudly that I had been drinking and that she was going to summon

a doctor. Finally, she became reasonable; that is, as reasonable as a woman can become, and I attempted to set forth my views in such a simple manner that even she could understand.

"I believe that I have lived countless times; I believe that I shall live countless other times," I began with a flourish. "Now, wait a minute. No, I feel perfectly well! I read that passage in one of my previous existences —that's all. My wife and I talked about it. How do I remember who she was? No, I don't recall just now who I was either. Perhaps I could, though. Why, I don't doubt but that I fought with Caesar or Napoleon. I might have been a great personage myself," I concluded proudly.

"Oh, John, forget it! It will drive you crazy."

"Impossible, I mean, no. I am going to try to recall my former activities. Why, what if I could give a first-hand description of Caesar's bridge, or tell, as a participator, of Napoleon's wars. Why, I could out-Hugo Hugo. How many of the secrets of the ages I could bring to light! I could make a fortune writing. Let me see now. . . ."

The next day I met Tom Jones. "Tom," I asked, "have you ever lived before?"

"Why, certainly." I listened eagerly. "I've been living, so far as I know, for the past thirty years."

"No, no; I mean before you were born—that is, in some previous life; perhaps thousands of years ago."

"Aw, don't try to pull any April Fool stuff on me."

"No, Tom, I'm serious. I've lived innumerable times before; maybe with Caesar or Napoleon, or—anybody."

"I knew they put out some awfully rotten stuff, but I didn't know they had any that would make a fellow do like this. Say, old timer, let's go home," grasping my arm. "You'll feel better soon."

"Let me go," I cried angrily. "I tell you I'm all right. I'm serious. You don't understand."

He went away shaking his head. By the end of the day, I and my beliefs were known all over town. I went home and found Mary weeping because she had married herself to a mad man. Many of my friends called up to inquire about my health. When people found out that I was harmless, they began to ridicule me. Now, that's one thing I can't endure. I don't mind being scolded and abused and criticised—a married man soon gets accustomed to all of that. But I can't stand for people to make fun of me. Mary soon found that out and—well, you know how women are. People began smiling when I passed. They would stop me and ask me all sorts of questions about Caesar's bridge, and Job's turkey, and Napoleon, and Hector's pup and kindred questions.

I have ceased talking about my beliefs, but frequently I find myself saying, and thinking, and doing things which I am positive—oh, what's the use! The world never understands the truly great. But some day I am going to make a marvelous disclosure.

THE CLOWN

By Sam T. Creech

I PARKED my car and joined the happy, jostling crowd wending its way toward the big circus tents.

A steam piano creaked and panted in a desperate attempt to execute "Ramona," while a young tenor, accompanied by a spirited band, brazenly proclaimed to the world that "a little white light will lead me to my Blue Heaven." The ticket sellers were hoarsely naming the superior attractions of the side shows. The odor of hot roasted peanuts and savory buttered popcorn pervaded the air. The bedlam of noise was punctuated by "This way to the big show."

I was about to hand my money to the hard-faced, uniformed man at the ticket box of the main tent, when my glance fell upon a man who stood between the big tent and the dressing tents. The man had the air of being lonely and alone in that bustling throng. That one glance arrested my attention, and, as I imagine the Ancient Mariner cast his spell upon the wedding guest, I felt myself drawn to this dejected man.

The gentleman in uniform jeered insultingly as I dropped the money back into my pocket and stepped aside. I walked as close to the man as I dared, and my hat low over my eyes, I pretended to be busily lighting a cigarette.

The man was rather thin; he could not have weighed over one hundred and ten pounds, and he appeared to be about five feet and five inches in height. In spite of the fact that it was a warm October night, the man wore a long black coat. He rested one foot upon a tent stake and cupped his chin in his left hand. A half burned cigarette fell from his fingers. Gazing ahead, he stood motionless until a gong sounded. He suddenly looked at his watch, and opening his long coat, rushed toward the dressing tents. As he turned, his coat swung open, and I caught the sight of a gaudy clown's suit. I thought I saw something flutter to the ground, and upon investigation, I found a crumpled paper. There the light was too dim to read by; so holding the paper, I rested my foot upon the stake and wondered at the strange behavior of the clown.

I was startled to hear the crowd leaving the big tent. I walked back toward that living stream, incredulous at the flight of time. As I drew near, I overheard a young girl exclaim, "Oh, wasn't Toby marvelous! He is a genius—and I bet he never had a trouble in his life."

Remembering the crumpled paper in my hand, I again stepped aside, and in the bright glare of the circus lights, I found a telegram in my hands and these words met my eyes:

"Toby, mother died this morning. Please come. Mary."

RETRIBUTION

By A. V. Smith

I

I plucked from the water a lily,
And held it up to the sun;
A lily so white and pure and fair,
And I was sad for what I had done.

II

Robbed of the wavelet's soft caresses,
And scorched by the sun's warm rays,
My lily faded and the thought distresses
And haunts me throughout my days.

III

Yet, a maiden fair, oh wondrously fair,
Stole past my heart's strong guard.
And the love that she planted is growing there
Like seed in rich green sward.

IV

Perchance some day to me shall come
The Merciless One to remind
Of the death of the lily, and like shall be done
The Love that I had hoped was mine.

"GENIUSES ARE BORN . . ."

By James P. Carroll

JOHN J. ROCKASTORBILT had heard the call of the South, and he had answered it. He had gone to Miami in the pre-boom days with no other thought than plying his trade, plumbing, to the best advantage. But, like ninety-nine per cent. of the inhabitants there, he turned real estate broker when the unprecedented migration to Florida got under way in the fall of 1924. No one knew where he came from or why he had come to Miami; in fact, no one knew even what his business was until one morning, about a week after his arrival, a sign, painted in flaming red letters, appeared on an hitherto vacant shanty, giving this interesting information: "John J. Rockastorbilt, Plumbing." Then, directly under this, in smaller letters, was this further bit of information: "Frozen Pipes a Specialty." Even this startling revelation, however, did not immediately upset the regular routine of the Miamians. They came and went as if nothing had happened. It is true that a few persons deigned to stop in front of his modest shop and, invariably, they walked away laughing. John became very much perturbed. He wondered what was the matter with his sign. Probably he had misspelled a word. He always had been in doubt about that "b" in plumbing. To set himself aright, he stopped a man on the street and asked him how the word was spelled. After this, he merely sighed as one who resigns himself to the decrees of fate. He opened his shop promptly at seven each morning. Now he would smoke his pipe; now he would arrange

and rearrange his large stock of multi-sized and multi-formed pipe; now he would sit and wonder at the ever increasing number of people who came by, apparently for no other purpose than to read his sign. There is an end to all things, however, and after two weeks of inertia and wonderment, John's patience came to an end.

"I want you to tell me what is so funny about my sign," he said to one of the group of lookers and laughers.

"Why, you really don't know!" exclaimed the man. "I thought it was a joke"

"Not much of a joke for me," retorted John, hotly. "Here I have been in Miami going on three weeks and haven't got a call yet. I guess I'll just have to wait for cold weather to set in."

"Well, this is as cold as it ever gets here," said the man, "and as for frozen pipes," here he laughed, "I guess you might find one at the ice-plant."

"If I ever do see Bill again!" exclaimed John. "He told me that he cleaned up last winter in Miami,—or did he say Maine?—fixing busted pipes."

Then, the modern gold-rush had begun. John was caught up in it. He took down his plumbing sign and replaced it with, "John J. Rockastorbilt, Real Estate Broker." One day he heard two men conversing on the street. The stout one said to the other, "I don't know who owns that Grove Drive property, but I'm going to buy it. I don't care how much it costs, I'm going to buy it."

That very day, John purchased the property and advertised it for sale. The next morning the stout man came around and purchased it, giving John a handsome profit. He decided to adopt this method of procedure as a business policy. So, on one morning he would walk around the streets, in other real estate offices, at all public gatherings, and collect data on desirable property. In the afternoon he would go around and buy the lots that he had heard people say they were going to buy. Then, on the following morning, he would remain in his office and sell his lots. In this way, he was always sure of a quick sale; in this way he always gained and never lost. He found himself becoming prosperous, even wealthy. He moved his office to one of the down-town buildings. Here his business grew.

One morning he was out on a data-gathering expedition. Soon he was rewarded. On a corner, he found a group of men talking.

"I tell you," said one of them, enthusiastically, "the man who owns those Ocean View lots is sure going to mop up. Why, if I had those lots, I'd be a millionaire inside of two weeks."

That afternoon, John intended to go around and see the Ocean View lots, but he got busy, and it was almost closing time before he could get away. Being afraid that someone else might beat him to them, he decided to telephone.

"Hello," he said, "this is John J. Rockastorbilt. I want the Ocean View lots."

"Which one?" came back the voice.

"All of them," replied John.

That night he mailed a check for $150,000 and the next morning he received a deed to the property. All day he waited in his office, expecting to be swamped with custo-

mers clamoring for Ocean View, but no customer came. The next day he waited again, but still no customer came, nor the next, nor the next. John began to be uneasy. He decided that he had better go out and see his lots. He got in his car and started out. On the way he picked up a pedestrian.

"Do you know anything about Ocean View?" inquired John.

"Do I!" exclaimed the man, "I pity the guy who owns it."

"I own it," said John. "I thought I would be swamped with customers wanting to buy it."

"You are swamped all right," assented the man, "but not with customers; you are swamped with swamps. Every lot in the tract is covered with water a foot deep."

The next day John J. Rockastorbilt's office was closed, and the next, and the next. Two months passed by and still it was closed. Then one morning "John J. Rockastorbilt, Real Estate" was replaced by "Rockastorbiltmore Terrace, Entrancingly Beautiful, Exclusively Exclusive."

A week later "The Clarion" told an interesting story. "Among the many real estate brokers who have achieved success and riches in Florida, the one who has inspired more people by his constant perservance and his marvelous foresight is John J. Rockastorbilt, developer and owner of Rockastorbiltmore Terrace. A scant ten weeks ago this property, which has had the most sensational sale in the history of Florida real estate, was covered with water. Rockastorbilt, with his characteristic foresight, purchased the whole site at a ridiculously low price. But even then people laughed at him. Many remarks about alligator farms and lily-ponds were current over Miami. Some even thought that he was mad. But at this time great thoughts were being born in this fertile brain. He set to work himself, not trusting anyone with his precious plans. He worked out an intricate system of drainage, itself a marvel, and he himself did most of the work in placing the pipes. Here again his wonderful foresight must be mentioned: for it seems that when Mr. Rockastorbilt came to Miami, he immediately bought just the amount and just the sizes of piping he needed for his project. This is nothing less than sheer genius. Today these lots are at a premium. Each lot is worth more than Mr. Rockastorbilt paid for the whole tract. A magnificent hotel is now under construction which will outstrip any other in Florida in beauty and accommodation. Only two lots have not been sold. These are very choice ones which Mr. Rockastorbilt himself has reserved. One, he is going to build on himself; the other he has given to a very close friend, a certain 'Bill.' Mr. Rockastorbilt refused to talk very much, when interviewed last night, as to why he had given this lot to his friend. All that he would say was, 'Bill is my best friend; to him I owe a great deal, for it was largely through his influence that I came to Florida and purchased the material which I used in draining Rockastorbiltmore Terrace.' "

THE SUPREME GIFT

By A Dreamer

SCIENCE, Literature, Art, and Religion were discussing among themselves their peculiar merits, and the contributions which each of them had made to the world.

"Well," said Art, "I congratulate myself on the fact that I appeal only to the most discriminating, the most cultured, the most aesthetic people. My devotees among the many are few. Men must study, men must know me before they can appreciate my worth. I have inspired the great of the world. I am heard in music; I am seen in paintings, in sculpture, in architecture. As for contributions, no one can deny that I have made the greatest. I have given to men that matchless gift—Beauty."

"I disagree with you," interposed Science. "You are all right for moments of inactivity; but, as far as visible results and practical values are concerned, you can't compare with me. Why, at every turn you see the work of my hands. I am the cause of all of the great inventions of the age. I illuminate homes; I carry people from city to city, from country to country; I transmit the human voice from one end of the earth to the other. I am ruler of the land, the sea, the air. I could not begin to catalog all of my contributions, but they may all be included, roughly, in the word—Facts."

"Your most worthy and eloquent dissertations notwithstanding, I find myself unable to agree with either of you," said Literature. "I maintain, and I think justly, that it is I who have contributed most to the world. I, too, have given the world Beauty; I, too, have given the world Facts. I am poetry, I am comedy, I am tragedy, I am history, I am fiction. I am all that was ever written. The great of the ages have bowed before my shrine, and have spent their days within my cloisters. Your contributions are not comparable in their cultural value, in their utility, to mine. I have given men—Knowledge."

"My friends," a quiet voice said, "you have all spoken well, and far be it from me to attempt to refute your arguments." Religion was speaking. "I shall not emphasize my claims by appealing to your aesthetic sense as did Art. I shall not speak as positively as did Science. I shall not speak as eloquently as did Literature. Unlike Art, my appeal is universal. All men everywhere, of whatever race, or station, or color, or creed, are witnesses of the fact that the world is my parish. I, too, give men Beauty—the Beauty of a noble life. I, too, give men a great Fact—the Fact that righteousness is better than unrighteousness. I, too, give men Knowledge—the Knowledge of God.

"But my supreme gift to the world is—Hope."

A DIFFERENT MOTIVE

By Howard Pegram

WINTER had come early that year in the Northland. For weeks now the snow had spread over the hills and the plains, and the lakes had a layer of ice over their surfaces so thick that they seemed to be frozen solid.

On the rise of a low hill, somewhat sheltered by a few dwarf evergreens, stood a small cabin almost hidden by the white drift. The snow had been cleared away from the door, a path had been shoveled to the white mound which represented the dog shed, and smoke issued from the low chimney to climb straight up in the crackling atmosphere. These were the only signs of life to be seen.

Back and above the cabin shone the northern lights. They played and flashed, lighting the landscape better than does the full moon in more southern regions.

Hugh Brant sat in the cabin before a great log fire. He did not sit as does a man who is taking his ease; instead, he leaned forward in the rough chair, smoking his pipe with quick, savage draws and puffs; and his eyes seemed to glow now hot, now warm, with the leaping of the orange flames.

The face of the man was one not to be forgotten. There was no striking natural feature, although the contour was regular and the lines not without a certain degree of rugged handsomeness. The unusual, the gripping thing, was his expression. The eyes were snapping, the jaw stern, and the lines from base of nose to mouth corners were deep, while two vertical grooves gave an otherwise comely brow a sinister appearance.

Suddenly Brant turned his head and looked at another man, an Indian, who sat nearby with expressionless face.

"Make trip in morning. You wake me byemby, see?" The voice was deep.

"Me see," came Monchook's monotone.

Brant rose, a powerful figure, and stretched himself. Long inactivity had made his body eager for action. For days he had lounged in the cabin, his only exercise the clearing away of snow so that they might get wood and feed the dogs.

"Have dogs harnessed early," he said.

"A'rit," replied Monchook.

It is not good for any man, even a strong one, to spend much time without anything to occupy his time and with no companion except an Indian who speaks scarcely at all. There is an influence tending toward a magnifying of slight grievances and a brooding over trivialities.

Brant had something more than a triviality over which to brood. A fairly well educated man, he had yielded to the restless spirit in him and abandoned school and routine work to roam. He had not intended to marry; but then he had met Margaret Channing, dark beauty, burning eyes, moist red lips, and he had won her in a whirlwind courtship down in Maryland.

Of the same gypsy spirit, she had persuaded him to take her along on a quick trip

to the north, presumably in search of gold, but really in search of adventure. There they had been happy for a time, until "Red" Shields had come.

Ever since that day Brant had lived with the hope of meeting Shields. On long trips across frozen barrens, on canoe expeditions up summer rivers, on never-ending nights before the camp fire or in some cabin, he conjured up images of the meeting. It would be fair, at least. Shields had not the physical power of Brant, who could crush in a man's face with a fist blow or hold a man gasping for breath, with steel fingers around his throat. But Brant never let such images occupy his mind long. He would be fair, at all costs. He knew that Shields was still in the northland, occasionally he heard news of the red-haired man's activities. He believed that the meeting was inevitable. Always he carried two pistols.

Next morning—the watch was the only evidence thereof, for no sign of a sun was apparent—Brant rose when Monchook called to him. He quickly drew on his boots and combed his hair. After a breakfast of bacon and coffee, with "twist" for bread, he went out with the Indian to the dog shed. The team stood ready.

"Me go see meat cache," he told Monchook; "see if safe from wolves. You keep cabin warm."

Monchook nodded.

As he started out, breaking trail for the dogs, the old thoughts were with him. Again he went over in his mind the moment when he would meet Shields. A glorious moment. Too much thought had been given to the subject for him ever to turn from his purpose.

Soon, however, his mood changed. He found exultation in battling his way through the snow, the exultation that comes when stored-up energy is released. The blood leaped swiftly through his veins. Overhead, the colors of the aurora flashed and flared, reflected in lambent flames on the crystal whiteness below. This was living. His thoughts were replaced in his consciousness by the feeling of it, the tones aroused by the kinesthetic sensations of life in motion, of blood throbbing. At such a moment Shields did not really matter. Only that minute, that awareness of living found only in complete forgetfulness of living, mattered now. With long, swinging strides on his snow shoes he compressed the snow over which the dogs behind him were to draw the sled.

At the cache he cooked dinner over a small fire in the faint light of noonday. Then, after placing a quarter of caribou on the sled, he started back.

He was a strong man, a man of endurance, and the twenty miles he had to travel mattered little. He did not have to break trail on the home stretch, but could run along beside the moving sled, urging the slim dogs to greater speed.

Anon he looked up. As the dim light failed and the stars showed frosty bright, he noticed that those near the horizon were disappearing. The little thermometer on the sled, he remembered, had registered thirty below zero that morning; now it had dropped to forty-five.

A stiff wind rose, blowing flaky snow over his parka. The stars disappeared almost

completely, and only a very faint light from the aurora came down.

He knew the signs. Another snow storm would soon break. He was glad that the trail back to the cabin was clearly marked, and he was confident that his speed would get him to it before the way became obliterated by falling snow.

Without warning the snow began to fall. It came down with a rush, driven at a sharp angle by the wind.

"Mush, Devil!" he shouted at the lead dog as he cracked the long whip. Devil, legs moving swiftly, strained at the traces to get more speed. His fast-puffing breath formed a white cloud as it issued from his nostrils.

A few miles from the cabin Brant noted in the gray darkness that another sled trail had joined his. He wondered whose team had made it and whether the owner had as yet reached the cabin. By the amount of snow which filled the trail he judged that the stranger was at least four miles ahead.

Running at the head of the team, beside Devil, he noted that the tracks of the dogs ahead were not steady.

"Bad discipline," he said aloud. Men who live much alone often talk aloud. "Lead dog hasn't control. Be a fight among those huskies if things don't change."

Another mile. Brant looked like an animated snow-man, for, dry as the flakes were, they clung tenaciously to the wool of the parka and of the hood.

He looked up to see a white object before him in the trail. As he came up to it he saw that it was the sled which had made the track he had observed earlier. The dogs had apparently fought and torn the traces, for they were gone; probably they had followed the trail to the cabin.

"Wonder where the man is. Wonder if he's white or Injun. Awful fix to be out here without huskies and not know if there's shelter in a hundred miles. . . . But he probably went on toward the cabin. . . . Mush! you huskies!"

He tramped down the snow so that his team could go around the abandoned sled. The wind was now blowing strong; it was a gale. The hard, dry crystals smote him in the face, and he drew the hood closer. He placed one snow shoe before the other, repeated the act. The dogs steamed along beside him.

His thoughts were now occupied with the stranger. At this time of the year travelers were few; he marveled at the fact that one of the few should come to this isolated region. But it would supply some variety. The stranger would remain a few days, a week, or even a month. With a sociable companion the time would pass so much faster and so much more pleasantly.

There was a mound of white in front. It was directly in the trail or Brant might never have seen it.

"The stranger!" he exclaimed, halted his team, and went forward.

With swift hands he swept the snow aside to find the body of a man of medium weight and apparently about his own age, thirty-five. The limbs were somewhat stiff, but life was still present.

With slight effort, Brant dragged the man to his sled and put him in it. Removing the mittens, he rubbed the cold hands. He was

in a mood for helping; he felt sympathetic, worried for this stranger. He would revive him, keep him at the cabin until he had regained his strength.

The stranger opened his eyes slightly, a vacant stare in them at first until he had comprehended the situation.

"Got lost," he muttered. "Grub gone, weak, and all. Huskies broke away."

"Yes, I know," Brant replied. "Don't talk, but move around a little. I'll get you to my cabin in no time."

Again he plunged on through the storm, conscious of the need for haste. When he reached the cabin he thundered for Monchook, who appeared and put the team away. Brant carried the man inside and placed him in a chair.

"Here," he said, "let me get your hood and parka off. Then I'll move you near the fire. Get you some food in no time."

While he spoke he was unfastening the cumbrous garments. He took hold of the hood and pulled it off. A tenseness seized his body. He straightened and the hood fell to the floor.

"You!" he thundered. "Shields!"

Shields looked up. His uncovered head showed the red hair. At first Brant was unable to recognize the features, but now they were clear to him.

"That's me," Shields replied weakly. "How'd you know my name?"

"How?" Who should know better? "You—you—" Brant's words failed him momentarily and he glared at the smaller man. His body relaxed to become crouching, his fingers were crooked, his head was thrust forward, and the blue eyes were slits of cold fire.

Shields shrank down into his chair. He was no coward, but he was now in a defenseless position before this threatening giant. Then he, too, knew, as Brant tore the hood from his own head and threw it on the floor.

"Hugh Brant?" He was calm now, almost suave, this Shields. "Sort of ironical, ain't it?" he laughed, but without humor. Then his head sank onto his chest and his eyes closed. The strain and hardships had been too much for him.

Brant's mouth twisted in a sort of smile. "After all my figuring . . . well . . . yes, I'll do it."

He was working over the unconscious man, rubbing his hands and arms, moving his limbs. When Monchook came in he set the Indian to work preparing hot broth which they later poured down Shields' throat, a spoonful at a time.

For days Shields lay in a bunk, varying periods of unconsciousness with periods of delirium. For days Brant tended him, watched his temperature anxiously, fed him. At night he took turns with Monchook sitting beside the sick man.

Came the morning when Shields opened his eyes and looked up at Brant with a sane expression. He was weak, and Brant forbade him to talk. After they had fed him he went to sleep, to awaken feeling better, and Brant knew that he was out of danger. Brant sat beside the bunk.

"Say, old man," Shields said as he looked up at the one who had nursed him, "I got to hand it to you, all right. You saved my life, after—after—well, I can't understand.

I was down, and you could of done me up, but you turn around and bring me in an' take care of me while I'm sick. I sure owe you a lot. I couldn't of blamed you any if you'd have let me stay out there and freeze or if you'd of cracked me over the head with the butt of a rifle."

Brant was looking with changeless eyes into those of Shields. The latter's face showed gratitude, shame, unbelief in the reality of the situation.

"Well," Shields resumed, his voice now broken, a certain moisture in his eyes, "I'm —I'm much obliged for—for what you done. Will—"

Now Brant, interrupting, spoke to him for the first time since he had regained consciousness. His voice was gruff, his face changeless.

"Don't bother to thank me," he said. "Just as soon as you get good and well—there's two loaded pistols over there on the table."

"DAY SLIPPED ONE EVE"

By Howard Berry

Day slipped one eve
  From up on high
And fell headlong
  From out the sky.

Into a pit
  Somewhere out west,
Beyond a hill's
  Dark purple crest.

Then all the stars
  Came forth to peep,
Where lay the Day
  Down there so deep.

And one more bold
  Than all the rest
This question to
  The sun addressed:

"Why lie you there
  So like the dead?"
And then the sun
  Spoke up and said:

"I tried to mock
  A maiden's smile,—
But she outshone
  Me all the while."

That girl was you
  I believe, my dear,
Who drove the sun
  Into despair.

For your bright smile
  And wondrous hair
Outshines the sun
  Throughout the year.

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EDITORIALS

What Next?

After every new discovery, after every great invention, the world gasps and exclaims, "What will these scientists do next?" The telephone, the wireless, the radio, the steamship, the automobile, the airplane, each drew forth, "What next!"

The great Einstein is now working on a theory by which he hopes to enable men to overcome the force of gravity. Gravity, he says, is very similar to magnetism, and magnetism is very similar to electricity. If man can insulate himself from electricity, why cannot he insulate himself from the force of gravity? If this theory materializes, a man may step off the Woolworth Building with impunity.

Already people are saying, "Ridiculous! Impossible!" So men have said all down through the ages.

What next?

Nil mortalibus ardui est.

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The Secret of Life

The other day, a man who had been a student at Columbia University for sixty years died at the age of seventy-eight. He had obtained thirteen degrees. What a vast store of knowledge he must have had! And yet, outside of his immediate circle of associates, he was hardly known. Ten years from now, he may be occasionally recalled as a freak. Twenty-five years from now, his name will be lost in oblivion.

Dwight L. Moody had very little of what is conventionally known as education. His inability to pronounce words of even medium difficulty was greatly in evidence whenever he spoke.

William C. Kemp. How many have ever

heard his name? Dwight L. Moody. Who has not heard his name?

Kemp is dead; Moody still lives. Why? Kemp was a sponge; he worked for self. Moody gave himself to a cause; he worked for others.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ALBERT ALLEN, *Editor*

"THE CRITERION"
(Columbia College)

The January number is a far cry from that published the first of the year. We are delighted with the versatality shown in the magazine.

"All's Fair" is exceedingly clever — we were quite surprised at the outcome. Of the poetry, "A Lonely Tree" and "Mystery" are the most attractive.

You appear to have gotten out a historical edition, and the accounts you have worked up are interesting in the extreme. The article about the horse climbing the steps is more exciting than some of the fiction.

The drama, however, is hackneyed. The doings of the amorous—in play and story—we are sure should be left to the professional. By the bye, the great short stories of the world are not love stories.

"THE CAROLINIAN"
(University of South Carolina)

This is a gripping issue, brim-full of ideas, and offering more adventure than you can well absorb at one sitting.

"The Ordeal" is highly Poesque. As we read "Masquerade," we are almost astonished at the reality of the Paris setting; the style itself smacks somewhat of the old French masters. "Overboard" is original—the excitement it produces in the reader is intense. The magazine has only one commonplace story—"The Broken Shoelace"—and even that is well told.

Your poetry—or, your poet, we had better say—has improved vastly. We like especially "The Song in the Chimney," and are struck with the forcefulness of "Autumn Mood" and the contributions of Mr. Rosefield. The play is also well done.

We are glad to see the efforts of the foreigners in your school — like Martek — Polish, we suppose; Ivan Schrkjoeuvsky — partly Russian, at least; the exotic Max Nodiferens; and the mysterous "One, F. B."

"THE ISAQUEENA"
(Greenville Woman's College

The best and most original contribution to "The Isaqueena" is "Friendly Old Clothes." It is appealing because it is familiar; in its artlessness, there is much art.

"The Literary Coffee House," and everything that pertains to "The Club" and Dr. Johnson, will be received with zest by anybody. You have made a noble attempt in "Sunrise in the City," and the essay had been fine if—the sun had only appeared on a rural scene! "Loafing" reminds us of the immortal "Apology For Idlers."

The review of "Strange Interlude" is one of the most thorough criticisms we have seen.

We found the discussion in "The Apostle Paul" very insipid. Concerning the narrative, we think tragedy sad enough at best, but we dislike being so confronted with it,

and having it thrust down our throats in a twinkling.

"THE CHRONICLE"
(Clemson College)

We find "The Chronicle" unvaried, containing mostly poetry, some of which caused us to shout clamorously for a drink of water.

"Cotton Picking" is impressive, if you can appreciate the atmosphere, and "Moonbeam's Work" we think fanciful. But the larger portion of the verse, as we intimated above, is rather dry. A subject like "The Object of College" does not lend itself to poetry.

The two stories are extremely puerile. On the other hand, "Lost Arts" is stimulating to an exceptional degree.

"THE ECHO"
(Furman University)

"The Echo" in great part is mediocre. The issue wants in attractiveness—it does not boast a single story.

"O Wall of Kublai Khan" is good by virtue of thought and rhythm; the essay on beauty is also to be commended, though the expression is slightly modernistic. Such expositions as "What's Wrong With Our Colleges?" and "Is Moderate Drinking Wrong?" are too trite to deserve comment.

We are not certain that the author of "A Freshman Thinks" has really thought; he has asked questions, but that is the prerogative of Freshmen. Anyway, Master Harrison George is a brave boy.

Acknowledgment: "The Subemeco," London, Ky.

PIDDLING AND DREAMS

"They who dream by day are cognizant of many things that escape those who dream only by night."—Edgar Allan Poe.

"The Exchange" has completed yet another review, and—with a retrospective rubbing of the orbits—finds itself in some wonderment over the varied ideas served up for a reading.

It was Coleridge, we think, who was once heard to ask—rhetorically, of course—what there was he would not give to embody all the thoughts afloat in his imagination; but Coleridges are not a little rare, and an imagination such as his is by no means identical with that which leads a tyro to stick the goose quill between his ambitious teeth. . . . Because to most of us, genuine fantasy might prove *de trop*—we might be temporarily overcome . . . or rendered a little ossified.

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. . . There was that mythical person—whoever he was—that looked into deep water and fell in love with his image. . . . Also, we might take fright, and hasten away. But all of us have our dreams, and some of us dream by day; it is the few like de Maupassant who dream, and have hazy visions and diurnal nightmares.

Ideas—for school-boy and genius alike—flare up suddenly, coming to the subject as he lies awake in the morning—while he loiters homeward—in the lighting of his briar for an intended smoke. For the most part, they flash up in some heedless abstraction, and are wont to fly machinery of all sorts—we include our mundane creature that scurries hither and yon, who drops quickly into a chair searching for impression, and vigorously applies the cudgel to his cortex. Inspiration—not even for Lamb—could lurk excessively behind the counter, and an athletic game is the meanest opportunity we can think of. . . . Then there are those who have never piddled and never day-dreamed—the Manhattan plutocrat—Mexican water-boy—mountain rustic—innocent alike of glimpse and secret.

Yet at some happy hour the plutocrat may throw off his cares—like so many slave chains—striking out for a half day in the country; and the water-boy may inadvertently drift, and gaze into the Grand Canyon with gusto. The untutored rustic may bolt his door one wintry night—drawing up his bench a little close—and discover a universe in the lambent flame. . . . There are writers that have never written . . . and poets that have never sung.

But it is beyond a doubt that inspiration is an uncommon experience in these days. We live a workaday existence — getting, and spending what we have got—never piddling, or sitting, listless . . . dreaming. . . .

A. L. A.

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

"THE MAGIC ISLAND"

By W. B. Seabrook

"A primitive civilization no more than four days distant from New York." At first this statement sounds unreasonable, but nevertheless it is true. The small island of Haiti holds hidden in its arms many a secret, and these secrets have for years challenged the lover of adventure. This challenge has been answered by Mr. Seabrook, an ad-

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venturer, scholar and tramp; and his latest book reveals his findings among the inhabitants of "The Magic Island."

Mr. Seabrook is the only white man who has completely undergone the initiation into the blood rites of the native Voodoo religion. His picturesque description of these mysteries and ceremonies is gripping. He does not give his account in skeptical or contemptuous tones, but rather in the manner of one with a sympathetic and understanding heart.

Mr. Seabrook, speaking of Voodooism, says, "Better a black papaloi in Haiti with blood-stained hands who believes in his living gods than a frock-coated minister on Fifth Avenue reducing Christ to a solar myth and rationalizing the Immaculate Conception."

"The Magic Island" is an interesting and instructive book, and cannot be neglected with profit.

"THE BISHOP MURDER CASE"

By S. S. Van Dine

Again Philo Vance tackles a very difficult problem, but again with his brilliant mind and profound reasoning, he solves it. Mr. Van Dine is a master in writing exciting, engrossing, and really brilliant detective novels. His neat and well-constructed plot in "The Bishop Murder Case" shows deep thought and reveals an analytical mind.

The two other characters, Markham and Heath, are again present, and make an important contribution to the story.

"The Bishop Murder Case," in the opinion of this reviewer, far outstrips the former works of Van Dine. It may seem a broad statement to make, but it seems to this

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reviewer that Sherlock Holmes has a successor in Philo Vance and that he must yield his laurels as a detective to him.

As a book which furnishes real entertainment, mixed with real mental exercise, "The Bishop Murder Case" is unsurpassed.

"MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS"

By DuBose Heyward

Since his great novel and drama, "Porgy," DuBose Heyward has been in the limelight of American literature. His second novel of Charleston, "Mamba's Daughters," published recently, has been received with eagerness by the reading public.

"Mamba's Daughters" is a gripping story of three generations of negro life in Charleston. It pictures their intimate existence among themselves, and in their contacts with the white families.

It is said that Mr. Heyward gives an accurate description of old Charleston, naming the streets and sections exactly. Although toward the end his long moralizing tends to become tiresome, his novel is well worth reading. One is never wasting time reading the work of DuBose Heyward.

"THE ROYAL ROAD TO ROMANCE"

By Richard Halliburton

Although this book was published six months ago, it is yet new enough to talk

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about. This is one of the most exciting travel books that has appeared in many years. It is an excellent account of the author's vagabond travels around the world. The book is full of the restless spirit of youth, and it shows that vigorous vitality on every page.

Young Halliburton shunned the expensive and luxurious tours, and chose rather the rough, harder, but infinitely more enjoyable way of travelling, that of a vagabond.

The book is wonderfully entertaining, and, indeed, this is its sole purpose. But, at the same time, it is an excellent review in geography and history, told in a most interesting manner. —John C. Otts, Jr.

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THE WANDERLUST

By Hugh Shaw

Belated sun, in wake of mist and dawn
To show the way into imagined lands;
Forgotten self; an unremembered past;
Great strength, an avid eye . . . expectancy,
And o'er the distant plain a winding road . . .

A LITTLE COLOURED GOURMAND

By Harrod Manly, Jr.

WHEN I look back upon the delightful hours I passed before the huge fireplace of old Uncle Rufe—the ancient, black fireplace with its burning logs—I feel little remorse for the deceptions I practiced upon a misled though well-meaning aunt. At Uncle Rufe's hog-killing time, I never failed, under the pretense of retirement, to clamber out the window, and—after trudging a cold distance—to fill my paunch on the negro's inimitable cracklings.

I would always contrive to get Mucus—in sooth, that was the boy's name—into the mischief with me, for whenever Mucus went astray, and I with him, we were bound to hear a sample of the old man's originality. For at times, original he certainly was. After my yearnings arising out of the vigil of a temperate relative had been satisfied, with what zest did I draw up the rude chair before the pan on the ashes, listening to the voice of the darky, and gazing ever and again on the sooty mantelpiece, and the mortared chimney that climbed to the roof against a wall covered with mold!

I remember on one occasion the old man called lustily for Mucus, and when we had sat down at his feet, he set off in the gravest manner conceivable.

"Once upon a time"—this a little slowly—"dar was a boy what liked t' eat. Mo'n likely, he was a cullud boy, 'cause he was 'specially fond o' 'lasses and watuhmennons. Fust thing he want when he got up was his breakfas'. But when time come t' wuk, he wan't nowhar roun'. Atter his paw and maw had gone t' de field, heah he'd come pokin' his head thoo de window t' see if dey was anywha' 'bouts. Den he'd git t' de rations, an' you can be sho' dey wan't none lef'.

"Longst 'bout dinnuh time, de maw an' paw come in, an' dey was fightin' mad. Mo'n dat, de paw say some day de chap gwine t' kill hisself. But dat nigguh ain' paid no 'tention.

"He mak lack he gwine t' see a neighbuh, and he took mighty good care to go 'bout dinnuh time. Well, dish yer kine o' business go on twell Thanksgivin'. Dat day, de boy hol' a celebrashun. Den he go straight, an' jump in de bed, an' go t' sleep.

"Way longst 'bout three o'clock in de mawnin' he woke up, 'cause—pahdnuh! he was feelin' mighty funny. He git up an' strike a light so he could see what ail 'im. Well, suh, he was in putty bad shape. His two ahms was long pieces o' fried chicken. Yes, suh! Jes' lak' a young roostuh's drumsticks. His wooly mop had tuhn'd white, like cocoanut fillin'. His gizzud was a watuhmennon!

"When dat nigguh look in de glass, he was most scairt t' death. Fust thing he do, he call his maw and paw. Dey come bustin' in, but he holluh'd fuh 'em to be keerful an hol' off. He tol 'em how come he was in dat fix,

an' den de paw go runnin' aftuh de cullud doctuh. He come t' de house an say:

" 'Rap! Rap! Hullo! Dat you, Doc?'

"Now dat ole doctuh was tired and sleepy bofe. So he say, 'Naw,dis ain't him.'

"De paw say, 'Yeah, dat is you: don't I heah you talkin'?'

"De doctuh bleeve dat's 'bout so, an' he say, 'what you want?'

"Paw say, 'I got a mighty sick chap I want you t' look ovuh.'

"Doctuh say, 'You got dat dolluh?'

" 'Yes, suh.'

"Bout dat time de col' win' say 'Woo—o-o-oo!' an' de ole doctuh shivuh in his marrow bone. He say 'Brer So-an'-so, I got a chill rat now. I come ovuh t' see 'im in de mawnin'.'

"But de paw say he ain't gwine let de chap die. He git a pole an' roust de ole doctuh out'n dat wahm hole.

"He fotch 'im in at las', an' de doctuh felt de boy's wris'. He say his ahms look mighty funny. Den he gi' 'im a dost o' calamus, an' ax wha de dolluh at.

"De paw felt roun', an' rummage in his pockets, an' say, 'Lawsy! Ef ah ain' gone an' loss it!'

"Now dat nigguh ain't nevuh had no dolluh, an' de doctuh knowed it. He tuk an' grab off bofe de boy's ahms, and flew out de do'. It was mawnin' now, an' everybody come flyin' roun', sniffin'. Den dey went atter de boy, an' didn't leave nothin' but de stump o' him, like de ole dago in Scriptur.' De maw run out wid de chap, an' hide in de woods, but de wolves come roun', drawin' closer an' closer, an' mo' closer' an' dey foun' de boy—an' den—" (here Uncle Rufus looked hard at us) "an' den—dey *et him up!*"

And I remember how Uncle Rufe's countenance became sad, and how we all looked in the fire, and how we questioned him until he admitted it wasn't so. Then he crossed his legs and told us there were people who sat late, shedding tears over stories somebody had made up, and written in a book. But Mucus said very sagely that maybe such things happen, after all; and to tell the truth, I believe they do.

BEFORE THE POETS' BAR OF JUSTICE

By Arthur Smith

Ah! 'Tis not just that Death should come
To those whose untrained hands
E'en now would paint the rising sun
And beams on desert sands.

Ah! 'Tis not fair that Death should come
To those whose thoughts convey
In youth some joy, some strength to one
Whose life is but a day.

Ah! 'Tis not right that Death should come
To those whose days are young.
Ah! Is it right that Death should rob
The world of songs unsung?

MIRAGE - - - AN APOLOGUE

By The Dreamer

A TRAVELER was once making his way across the desert. And he cast a weary glance at the sands which men said stretched before the mountain called "Restful." And the traveler sighed as he looked at the sands before him. He had wandered widely, for he had come from a distant country that lay somewhere beyond the sea.

And when the camel he was riding fell, the traveler set out on foot to reach the Happy Mountain. He grew thirsty, and faint, and after a time, dropped swooning upon the ground. And then it was he saw a lake, clear and cool and shaded—shaded with green palms. And he went into an ecstasy, and rushed forward for the vital draught, but when he came to himself he was drinking sand.

And a Genius arose, and approached the man. And when the traveler saw the Genius, he sighed, for he was but a man, and weary.

"Ah," said he with an emitted groan, "I have roamed these years in search of the Mountain, and lo, I am no more."

And in a great voice the Genius answered: "My son, but in that way only will you find the Mountain."

And the voice of the Genius was great, and was heard far off in the desert.

And he heard the words of the Genius. And then the traveler did a strange thing. He took the mantle from his shoulders, and covered his face, and sobbed bitterly.

LOST LOVE

By Howard Berry

Oh, give me a night
On a mountain's wild height
Ere the dawn splits the east with a crash—
Where the Pleiads appear
Sparkling gems scattered near
In the sweep of a soft silken sash.

Far down there below
The small hills faintly show
In the haze of the slow-shifting mist,
And are bare to the night
In a feeble half-light
Till they blush when at dawn they are kissed.

For there far below
In a cottage I know,
Lives a maiden I won once, and lost;
Lives a maiden that's fair,
With the night in her hair,
And dark eyes like a pool never crossed.

Yet I seem to know
In the valley below
Where the mist in its laziness drifts,
That she tries in her dreams
To reward my wild schemes,
And oft comes to her love on the cliffs.

POLLY ON THE FLOOR

By Howard Berry

Speak to me, my pretty Polly,
Parrot on the floor;
You can tell a world of folly,
Make me gay or melancholy
With your tales galore.

Just who laid you in mosaic
There before the door?
Left you with a beak Hebraic
Sharply curved in green mosaic
There upon the floor?

Come, my Polly, speak your fancies,
Make me wait no more;
Tell what couples kissed at dances
And what lovers said with glances
On the ball-room floor.

I would know their words of parting
In the moon's full glow—
Words of love from dark eyes darting
Long delaying tardy starting—
Couldn't you say "Go"?

Surely now the children's laughter
You quite well recall,
Hours of playing,—fun sought after
From the base to highest rafter,—
Come now, tell it all.

Will you please me with reciting
Tales that please you most?
Was a funeral more exciting
Than the lovers' quick uniting
There before your post?

Then perhaps you best remember
How the wayward lad
Came back home in cold December
To the fireside's cheery ember
And made peace with Dad.

Come on, talk, you duty slacker,
Are you really dumb?
What is that?—You want a cracker,
Cracker, cracker, soda cracker?
Eat the very crumb!

Now you'll talk; I know you're jolly—
No, you get no more
Till you tell me all the folly,
Polly, Polly, pretty Polly,
Polly on the floor.

PIRATES AND STEAMBOILERS

By Henry McCormack

PIRATES and steamboilers. Where could there be found any connection between the two? The answer to such a question leads one back over many years to the time when our forefathers along the coast had no peace of mind because of marauders, who impaired their commerce on the high seas, and who even went so far sometimes as to invade their very mainland.

The scene of the story is a quaint old town of the Atlantic Coast in whose harbor fifty-two naval battles have been fought, among them the engagements with the buccaneers.

In a quiet street, under the shade of one of the town's grand old churches, stands a serene looking structure. Trees surround this house and arch overhead, and when their branches, interlaced, are shaken by the gentle sea breezes, they rub each other and whisper together. And it is possible that at the time of our story their conversation was concerning the topic which was uppermost in the minds of the whole populace at this time, but the trees, like the people, were afraid to speak of it in anything above a whisper. And even today, perhaps, they make reference to the little house nearby, which was but one small item in a great outrage directed against the people along the Atlantic.

The house, as mentioned before, was serene in appearance, a two-story structure, box-shaped, with few windows, and was spotted here and there with clinging vines. The only entrances were two simple doors, one at the front and one at the back. This building has since been christened (as rightly it should be) "The Old Pirate House."

Surrounding nature would blush with shame, if this were possible, at the atrocities and vulgarities that were carried on in and around this house before pirates were forever wiped from the face of the earth. Let us abandon the pirate abode for a while and shift our attention to the events which so shook the people of this little town during these days of fear and trepidation.

Pirates, when first heard of on American shores, were considered a great benefice sent by some unknown power; a benefice which would remove the Spaniards, England's enemies, from the waters and should allow the English free access to the open seas. And so, buccaneers were allowed on America's soil. They brought their bounty to her towns; they spent their Mexican doubloons freely; and they sold for trifles the silks and wines seized from outgoing ships. But, alas, this inch of freedom on shore given by the colonists was an incentive for the freebooters to take a mile. This license led to the nefarious smuggling of articles for sale into the country, and gave the pirates means of obtaining information that the cargoes of English ships were far richer than Spanish cargoes; and were, therefore, more worth pillaging. Their actions aroused the ire of the "collector of the King's customs" and his open denouncement was forthcoming.

Such denouncements and the allurement of the English ships caused the pirates to direct their efforts on the King's Cargo, and this necessarily led to the capture of many vessels along the South Atlantic. The colonists, although objecting profusely among themselves, took every outrage with folded hands. They petitioned their native land, England, for aid on numerous occasions, but, having been refused, they sank back into their state of inactivity, considering themselves too weak to combat such mighty forces alone. But such a state of idleness could not go on. Daily America's best ships and goods were being lost, and something must needs be done. Two events brought the situation to a climax, and awakened the citizens of the town to their obligations.

The first was an outrage committed on several of the colonies' leading citizens, and so indirectly on the colony itself. The deed occurred when a pirate long-boat, pulled by sturdily-built men, unkempt in appearance, and in the meanest of dress, drew audaciously up to the town's wharf. In the stern of the boat stood a tall, six-foot man, jaunty, and with the proverbial piratical pistol and holder fastened at his waist. His face was partly concealed by a heavy growth of whiskers and a long, drooping moustache. With his tattooed arms placed on his hips in a sturdy fashion, he leased out from among the growth of hair on his face, in broken English, a would-be command, the substance of which was that unless badly needed medicines were forwarded immediately to them, his captives would be made to "walk the plank." The speech was delivered in a sonorous and imperative voice which bode destruction to all who dared oppose. The talk was ended abruptly by a quick motion of his hand. A streak shot out, and a long knife stuck with a dull thud in a pile between the very elbows of two of the benumbed spectators. The boat drew away and the first of the two onlookers to recover sufficiently from his fright to remove the knife saw carved in the handle the dreaded name, "Blackbeard," a pirate known on many waters for his base deeds. His real name was Thatch.

The message reached the Council without delay. Consternation and excitement reigned. The governor, fearless and resolute, handled the situation diplomatically, and in spite of divided opinions calmly stated that it was his duty above all else to protect his citizens, that the medicine would be sent immediately, but that action must be taken at once to rid themselves of pirates.

But, while this meeting was in session, the captives trembled with just cause, for Blackbeard was more than eager for their heads. So when the medicine arrived the sigh of relief given by those held in bonds was audible. The English suffered the loss of most of their apparel, and were sent to the town almost naked. The pirate ship left these waters, but not so far as to be unready for further outrages and villainy.

The second event happened prior to the time of our story, but up until the time of these invasions seemed of very little importance. It was the invention of the steam-boiler. Needless to say, it had attracted widespread attention, but, as far as practical advantage was concerned, it seemed useless.

Some inventive mind conceived the idea of putting it to use as a means of locomotion for vessels, and soon, as if by magic, ships were sailing without the aid of wind or tide. Now this was an advantage to the colonists without at the same time being one for the pirates, because, even if the pirates could get steam-boilers, they could not get coal, and this handicap still put them in a position where sails would necessarily have to be used instead of steam. This was a saving grace to the colonists, for without steam the pirates would have had an equal chance, and the task of ridding the sea of these monsters in human form would have been far more difficult.

Ships now, but where sailors! As at the time of all crises, a man, fitted for his job, arose. He was a person of imperious nature, who considered himself master of all he chose to rule, and his fancy led him into much trouble with the governor and his officials, and, of course, he and the governor were not the best of friends. But when this powerful man, who had shown his prowess in former military accomplishments, offered his services to help rid the town and its seas of pirates, the council acted on its better judgment, and in spite of its prejudices, gave way to him at this critical moment and accepted his noble offer. And when he, the general, proposed the arming of a couple of merchantmen it was graciously received, and in a short time he was presented with two fast and well-armed ships, the "Henry" and the "Sea Nymph." Unlike the sailboats with their beautiful white sails shining in the sunlight, and flapping in the sea breezes, these ships had a more business-like appearance than that of beauty. Similar to the pirate ships in line, they were set close to the water and were equipped with stacks, but the impression must not be gotten that masts were abandoned, because they were still on the ships as a means of safety should sails have to be used in case of engine trouble. The vessels each had eight cannons and a crew of seventy men.

With this equipment the Vice-Admiral started out in search of his enemy. He knew not in what waters to find them, but he charted his course from a rumor that he was resting in Cape Fear, and headed his vessel toward the northeast.

Cape Fear was reached uneventfully, and as the two ships appeared in the mouth of the river, surely enough, a pirate vessel lay in the cove, sheltered from attack. The pirates and the colonists sighted each other at the same moment, but on the better judgment of both commanders, no attempts were made at attack, because dusk was drawing on, and an engagement was almost impossible. The "Sea Nymph" and the "Henry" anchored in the mouth of the river to guard against any escape of the pirate vessel. The anchors were lowered as night fell, and the three vessels settled down to await the morrow.

The dawn presented another beautiful sight. The pirate ship was already in full sail and was headed toward the mouth of the river. The "Royal James" was a beautiful ship, and as she came down the stream, all sails set and rolling in the breeze, the prow pushing up the spray and forming white sea-caps on the water, and the "Jolly Roger" flapping lazily over-head, with the sun in a large red ball shining through the gaps in her

rigging, a supernal picture was painted on the canvas of heaven.

The "Royal James" never reached the mouth of the river, for the alert Vice-Admiral, by careful maneuvering, ran her aground, but both he and his sister ship met with the same fate, the "Sea Numph" stuck high up-stream, but the "Henry" stopped abreast of the "James," and within pistol shot of her. As chance would have it, both ships listed to the same side, and in such a position that the deck of the pirate ship was guarded, while the deck of the "Henry" was in position for a raking fire from the guns of the buccaneers' vessel.

The "Henry," for protection, opened fire, and the answer from the rovers was more than prompt. When the pirates saw the great advantage that they had obtained from position, they signalled to the colonists to raise the white flag of surrender; but, much to their surprise, all that they received in reply was broadside after broadside, as well as an incessant musketry fire. The pirates had the larger amount of guns and ammunition; but in spite of their scathing fire, which swept the deck of the "Henry," the colonists stuck manfully to their posts. The fight raged thus for five long hours, and although the Americans' chances for victory were waning hour by hour, they battled like savages, and were finally rewarded for their bravery. For when the tide changed, the citizens' opportunity for success in their enterprise changed with it. The "Henry" was the first to float on the rising waters and she drifted toward the pirate sloop. The admiral gave the command to be ready to "grapple and hook." This command, audible to the buccaneers, together with the fact that the "Sea Nymph" had floated and was starting to the aid of their sister ship, set fear in the hearts of the "James'" crew. Their hopes vanished, for they were left powerless.

But in the midst of their number was one who, in spite of the opinion of his band, still held the anticipation of victory. It was their captain. With pistols ready for any assaults from his men, he stood on the bridge and roared forth orders to his crew, threatening death to anyone who left his post. But heedless through fear, they mutinied; and, in spite of the deadly roar of his two guns, overpowered him and tied him to a mast. And soon the white flag replaced the fearsome "Jolly Roger." A cheer rose from the other two ships, for they realized that they had accomplished the first step in the ridding of the pirates when they accompanied the feat of capturing Thatch and his crew.

But a surprise was awaiting the colonists. When they boarded the "James," they found that is was not Thatch, but the notorious Stede Bonnet who was their quarry.

Bonnet and his accomplices, tried by a prejudiced jury, were sentenced to be hanged. At the time appointed for execution, a fleet appeared in the harbor under the nefarious Moody, and attention was necessarily centered upon the new marauders.

(Read before Sigma Upsilon Literary Fraternity.)

THE DENTIST

By T. C. King

A DREAD MAN is the dentist, and a disliked one—especially by the younger set. He is not often seen in the open, as he slips to the office in early day to begin his reign of terror, keeping quite close, and sending an assistant on errands. After nightfall he ventures out, though fully conscious of his unpopularity and danger.

Everybody hates a dentist. The only way for you to reach this professional is to get a toothache. Now toothaches are like everything else, and do not appear when they are wanted. If you convince yourself that you ought to visit the tooth-doctor, you are almost sure not to get an ache. The misery is apt to make itself felt when you are on a camping trip, and in the act of taking a luscious drink of water; or very likely when you open your mouth in wonder at first sight of the ocean. I need not say that dentists are as scarce as their X-rays then, for dentists—like Satan—are always on the job. They joyfully clutch the grinding instrument throughout the day, forgetting thirst and hunger. Their aim and purpose in life is to hurt people, and I believe they hold dental gatherings in the light of the moon, and tell of their victims' agonies, smacking their lips and showing their fangs in devilish laughter.

But no so when the dentist greets you in the anteroom! He smiles; he points to his soft chair, and adjusts the headpiece for your comfort. He inserts a kindly probe into your mouth, with possibly a piece of cotton, and searches softly about—whispering, or nodding—nearly crooning. Then he mutters something, at the same time withdrawing the gentle steel, and slapping it on the table. Suddenly he seizes an unspeakable thing at the end of a tube. He puts his foot down—often it is a stamp—and the smile goes. The thing goes round and round; it grinds and crawls, and grinds. The dentist is showing his true character now: the instrument grates and grinds.

If he is a rare dentist, he may stop after a while, but the common dentist has no sense of time. The only hope, as a rule, is another victim in the waiting room. The dentist does not care whom he troubles—he is glad to change the receiver of the anguish. He will cram your mouth full of cotton — asking, strangely at this time, all about the performance — how you liked it, and was it not finished rather quickly? And then when you grunt and blubber, trying to make answer, he will say: "That's good," and then leave you for the visitor.

Finally, he will come back, putter around, and place a mysterious object on the gaping hole which your tongue has secretly discovered, congratulate himself on his skill, you on your gentle nature, tell you that he has another poor wretch—though he doesn't use that word—and hint impolitely that you can go. But he is smiling now, and says that you can come again tomorrow. You ask yourself if he is a fool, but tomorrow you ask if you are the fool—for a second time, you come, and maybe again—and so it goes!

THE CAPTAIN'S WAY

(Short Short Story)

By Albert L. Allen

He was over thirty—three years over. He had a long nose which was obvious, and a comely wrinkle which was not. The hair stood straight, somewhat tousled, with invading corners at each temple; the countenance was dreamy. He was intellectual, possibly. You might have asked why such a man should be sitting in a lonely room in Singapore.

Yet he was in Singapore, before a table. Sitting in thought before the table, head depressed, showing now a resigned look; now a look of desperateness.

He had good cause for being there, and that cause was his uncle. His uncle was Captain Cavins, of "The Trevathan," and he could still see, through the window, the steamship, resting lazily at anchor in the twilight. She would be gone tomorrow, and old Cavins said it was his last trip. The captain did not know it was his nephew's, too. Yes—it was already Lemuel's last trip. . . .

He had come all this distance into the Orient, and he had failed. Cavins had been obstinate: he could not get the loan. Not even from Cavins, his uncle—Cavins, who had swindled him. Cavins had been shrewd, and he had done it all so good-naturedly. . . . And the captain maintained he was fond of his nephew.

The young man raised a wrist to support his forehead, placing his arm on the table, and whisking away the revolver with his elbow. He would leave a letter—he would write it well, without boast or mawkishness. He could picture the face of the captain, his remorse. Singapore would be excellent . . . strange, far-off Singapore. . . . He had informed the captain he would not return on "The Trevathan." If the captain only knew. . . .

In haughty manner, he drew his gold pencil from a finely tailored vest. He wrote slowly, calmly. Having finished it, he condensed the missive to less than five sentences.

"Singapore, July 2.

"Dear Uncle:—You will get this in the harbor tonight or on the way home tomorrow. When you read these lines, I shall—well, have already put an end to the chapter.

"The reasons for my recent urgency are now no doubt plain to you. If you have done wrong, I forgive you; if not, there is nothing to forgive. Lemuel."

He read the two paragraphs with satisfaction. Then he arose brusquely, and placed the weapon in his pocket. He left the table.

. . . . . .

Before midnight, the captain of "The Trevathan" approached the door of his cabin. With each step, he gave forth a guttural sound that emanated, indefinitely, from his stomach. A sealed envelope had been inserted behind the knob of his door. As the captain took the envelope, the grunt was transformed into

ejaculation. Instinctively, he struck a match, and read aloud the address on the letter.

" 'Uncle Cavins. Captain, "The Trevathan." ' "

Without opening his door, the captain walked back along the deck. He had a cool, swinging walk, which might have resulted from pensiveness, but which likely came out of good nature. Cavins had the practice of talking to himself.

"The dear boy and his loan—he may move me some day. These troublesome letters."

In the dim light, the captain bent over the railing. Taking the sealed envelope by the ends, he gave it a spirited tear across the middle. He tore the two halves of the letter. When the paper had been reduced to a score of particles, he leaned far out, and pitched the whole handful of them upward. Gradually they descended below the level of the deck, like a little cloud. . . .

TIME AND PLACE

By Arthur V. Smith

On distant sands I wrote my name
While waiting for the tide,
With never a thought of gain or fame
As I wrote by the ocean side.

But the tide came in and took my name
And scattered the letters far,
On rocky shore and desert land
By the sun-washed isle and bar.

Again I came to write my name
Down by the ocean side;
I built a wall and carved my name
To stand against the tide.

But the tide came in and covered my name—
And the barnacles covered my name;
The lesson the ocean has given to me:
"Seek not a life of fame."

Write not your name by the ocean side
On sturdy wall or shifting sand;
But write it now on the hearts of men,
For time nor tide can change it then.

THE STARS OF MOONSHINE

By Howard Pegram

PELLUCID WATTS lingered along the road near Cherry Lane. The warm sunshine slowed his blood so that he had no heart for the eleven mile walk back to his mother's house at Simmons. He reveled in the coming hot weather, as any normal negro boy of fifteen is wont to do, but in the expenditure of energy he never found any fun. Over to his left he saw the triple peaks of old Bull Head Mountain rise up, cattle grazing high on the slopes, while near the foot some unusually industrious mountaineer, probably for the sake of leading deputies to believe he was honest instead of a moonshiner, plowed a small field.

Suddenly, along the newly constructed highway across the plateau, came a motor truck. Such things were so uncommon in Simmons that Pellucid stopped to watch the machine go by. His interest increased as the vehicle drew nearer and he saw that it was followed by another truck and several touring cars. He stood, eyes rolling, and watched the procession go by. There was a man clad in khaki and leather puttees sitting beside the driver of the first truck. The freight carried was hidden by canvas coverings.

"Wonder what they got under there," thought Pellucid. But, since his mind cannot be compared to lightning, he soon ceased to think of the possibilities.

With a soulful sigh, he started again on his way down the mountain road toward Simmons. He would have to hurry to get back in time for supper. His spirit rose as he thought about the cornbread and buttermilk, not to speak of some cold rabbit which was left over from the day before. Then he would sleep—ah, he loved sleep. And the next day he could indulge his favorite sport, hunting squirrels with his antiquated twenty-two rifle. That is, he could do this if he were able to escape his mother, who would probably want him to chop some wood so that the laundry industry could proceed uninterrupted.

When Pellucid finally came to Simmons, which consisted of seven houses, a store, and a post office, he lingered a few minutes at the store. Everything seemed to be as usual until he took note of a white piece of paper tacked to the wall near the door. He immediately went up to it to investigate.

Now, Pellucid's education was not so extensive; he was forced to go without the pleasure of reading the placard. Jake Whittens, one of the natives of Simmons, walked slowly up to the store porch, hands in pockets, and tried his luck with a shot of tobacco juice at a bug which was crawling by.

Pellucid rolled his dark eyes over and gave Jake the once over. It was a known and attested fact that Jake could, with much labor, translate written into spoken English. This thought occurred to the negro boy. So, after scratching one bare ankle with the

equally bare and dirty toe of the other foot, he turned to Jake.

"Mistuh Jake," he whined, "kin yo' tell me what say dat sign?"

Jake took three speclative chews on his two-once quid, removed one hand from its pocket long enough to draw it slowly across his mouth, and then answered:

"Wall, I might be able to read it fer yo', seein' as I want to know what it be, as well."

He shambled up to the placard. After a few meditative chews to set up the necessary associations and mind-set for reading, he squinted intelligently at the words, which were printed roughly with a pen and ink.

"Wall, now, thet be unusual," he drawled. "Thar were a time when they never did sech things."

"Whut it say, Mistuh Jake?" Pellucid queried.

"It be a notis thet the deppities will give anybody five hunnerd dollars that will lead 'em to some moonshiners thet is up near Stone Mountin."

Some other men had come up by this time, and they drifted into a discussion of moonshiners with Jake.

"You reckon," said Cheetwood, "thet the deppities can't git them men thet they is offering thet money?"

"Couldn't tell," Jake replied. "They didn't used to give money, but I hear as them moonshiners up Stone Mountin way is purty bad. Why, jest a week ago, you mind, they shot Burt Sparks offen his horse, and him one of the best and oldest deppities these parts has ever had."

"Yeah," chimed in Bill Bantam, "but it's not them that's offerin' the money. What good it ud do them to give it, an' everyone as pore as you and me? It's the State of North Carolina, or the United States, or somebody offerin' it."

"Well, thet don't matter so durn much," Jake said, "as the fack thet they is givin' it. Reckon any of you fellers will be tryin' fer it?"

Various negative answers came from the various members of the conglomeration. Bill Bantam, a husky mountaineer from up on Peter's Peak, summed up the public opinion of Simmons pretty well.

"I figger," he said, "thet I'd a durn sight rather go on livin,' even if I do have to work like Sam Scratch to git the money fer my tobaccy and whiskey. Them men ud as soon take a shot at you as they would at a squirl. Anyhow, it's too much trouble to git up thar an' tromp all over the mountins lookin' fer trouble."

Pellucid, in the background, was quickly deciding that it would be better to stay on safe ground. He experienced several pangs of terror as the discussion proceeded, gruesome detail being added to gruesome detail about moonshiners in general—the imaginations of the men were doing what they were created to do.

After considerable mental effort, unusual for him, Pellucid reached a conclusion. If the mountains were so infested with these wicked men, how was he to hunt squirrels in safety? The thought troubled him considerably, since most of his nickles went to buy cartridges for the rifle and he found his

greatest joy in pointing the said firearm at squirrels.

A clatter of hoofs brought the attention of the group to a party of mounted men who were riding toward the store on the mountain road. There were six or eight of them, rough-looking, large, sweating. At the saddles were cases which protected Winchester rifles.

"The deppities," someone said.

"Hi, fellers!" shouted the one who seemed to be the leader, as he dismounted. "We jest dropped by to get some tobacco."

"Seen anything of them men up Stone Mountin way?" someone asked.

"Nary a thing yet," was the answer. "More'n likely, they're hidin'."

The crowd migrated to the interior of the store, leaving Pellucid alone outside. He stood for some moments looking at the placard that seemed to take the joy out of his life. Then he, too, went into the store.

After summoning up most of his courage, he went up to the head deputy.

"Mistah," he said, "yo' reckon dem moonshinahs up Stone Mountin ud git me if I wus up dare?"

"You?" the deputy laughed. "You don't have to worry. They'd know dern well you wasn't after 'em. Anyhow, everybody aroun' here knows your dad used to be the slickes' moonshiner in this part of the woods afore he died."

A sigh of satisfaction swelled Pellucid's chest. It would not be so bad, after all. He had not thought of the fact that no one would take a negro boy for a man after lawbreakers, nor of the fact that his father had been one of them.

Next morning Pellucid slipped his rifle out of the house and hid it in some bushes along the road. He would have gone at once, but his mother was coming from the spring and would have detected him. So he went to the woodpile, took up the axe, and became industrious. Pellucid's mother, seeing his activities, felt that, after all, her scolding had not been in vain. Her son was certainly improving when he voluntarily chopped wood for her. So she went back to the spring for more water.

Pellucid seized the opportunity, his hat, and his rifle, and started up the road which led across the mountains. When he came to Dog Spring, a clear little pool in the middle of the road, he drank his fill and filled his gun with a cartridge. At Glove rock he headed to the left, through the underbrush, in the general direction of Stone Mountain.

The day was warm. Delicious smells rose from the awakening ground and the new herbs. Birds flitted here and there, making music and nests, while an occasional rabbit jumped up and showed his bunch of cotton in flight.

Pellucid reveled in it all. He had not seen any squirrels yet, but that did not matter so much. He was living high; supremely living life requires no justification. He hummed as he descended a hill, avoiding twigs and branches as only those who live in the mountains can avoid them. The little branch in the valley invited him, and so, after a rest, he wandered down it.

Suddenly he became aware of voices. Thoughts of the moonshiners had not come to him this morning; with the words of the

deputy, they had been exiled to limbo. But now they returned from exile. It was probably lack of thought that caused Pellucid to go a little further instead of turning back immediately. He came to a clearing along the branch and looked out from behind some protective bushes.

His eyes opened wider than ever before. His heart seemed to expand to great proportions and then to begin a rapid war-dance—or, rather, a retreat dance. Out there in the clearing, in broad daylight, they were moonshining. It was incredible, but he had seen it with his own eyes. There was a new still with a shining copper worm, two rough-looking men were putting wood on the fire, and three more sat on logs, smoking. All of them carried pistols. Another thing that Pellucid noted was that a man in khaki and leather puttees stood in the background while another man was working with a little box-thing made of metal.

It took only a fraction of a fraction of a minute for Pellucid to see what was out there in the clearing. After his backbone had again sufficiently solidified and his knees no longer bruised each other too much, he backed slowly away. He retained presence of mind enough not to cry out or to run before he was at a safe distance. Then he set his legs into action.

When he came again to the road his fright was somewhat gone, and so was his wind. So he slowed down to a walk and to a realization that he still clutched his rifle tightly in one hand. As he collected his thoughts, he began to see wonderful possibilities. Why, these were the notorious Stone Mountain moonshiners for whose capture a reward of five hundred dollars would be given. To be sure, he would lead the deputies to the still, get the money, and—and—well, he would no longer chop wood; he could hunt squirrels for years to come; and he would be the hero of the African population in Wilkes county.

With such thoughts in his mind, he felt like Napoleon after a victory by the time he came to the store at Simmons. The deputies were just leaving for the mountains.

Briefly and ambiguously, Pellucid informed Billings, the chief deputy, of what he had seen. The men were all attention. This promised to be the greatest capture of the season. After some argument, Billings got Pellucid to mount behind him and accompany the men back to the scene of lawlessness.

Pellucid's heart again began to break all the cardiac laws as the horses neared the moonshiners' place of business, incorporated. The men, silent now, dismounted and tied the horses to trees. Then they crept forward, Pellucid showing the way from the rear. They came to the edge of the clearing. Billings saw the men bending over the still, saw the beholstered revolvers at their sides. He gave his signals silently.

Then the deputies, as one man, stepped out into the clearing and covered the moonshiners with their pistols.

"Put 'em up, boys, in the name of the law!" Billings shouted.

"Hi, you fools!" came a voice from the background, where the camera was being vigorously cranked. "Get out! You're ruining the picture!"

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EDITORIALS

Scattering the Attentions

It is no great matter to become educated, but at present, the vogue is to put yourself through. The practice is epidemic: possibly it casts a glamour over the degree, and opens a path for bravado.

Undoubtedly it is better to make the way than to dispense with schooling entirely; yet the student who is self-supporting out of sheer heroism generally makes a poor choice. An article in a last year's number of "The Literary Digest" declares that records show an average equality in the grades of outside workers and non-workers, and takes pleasure in making much of the fact. But the author forgets momentarily that marks are not iron-clad—at best, they are an estimate of mere text-book knowledge, to which—for lack of time—the self-supporter is usually restricted.

A covert observation of this class affords much interest. A use of the word *esoteric* causes a busy concentration on a more convenient topic; King Priam is construed as smoking tobacco; and if you be so bold as to mention the pathetic fallacy, you are put down forthwith as a bookworm.

As everything done is performed in the neglect of something else, the selection should concern itself first with the necessary, and then—sometimes there is difficulty—with the most important and best.

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A Gentle Argument

Nothing is so hopeless as to be without advantage. No conceivable thing is a *sumum bonum;* and perfection seems another word for infinity.

The capitalist may jingle his pockets, and pity the workman, but the latter is better off at table. One man may cross the ocean, and see the grandeur of the Alps, while another

gets a sermon from a common stone. There is no state utterly without good; there is no life wholly void of evil.

Some spirits have found fame in an injury, some in wretched physiques, and still others in total darkness. Had Goldsmith not stuttered, he might have turned out a cheap orator. Stevenson snatched greatness from consumption.

Our gifts may be five; they may be two; or they may be one. H. M.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ALBERT ALLEN, *Editor*

"THE BRAMBLER"

(Sweet Briar College, Va.)

"The Brambler" is inviting as ever, having an attractive atmosphere set off with a dash of the lightsome.

Miss Curtis strikes a felicitous note in "The Horse of Mt. Helicon." We wish our unimpressionable subject-seeker could have choice like this, and exercise a sort of *laisser faire* on the campaigns of Jackson, the traitorousness of Arnold, or whatever you will. "But," asserts the honest scribbler, "we are making a point in a great matter." My dear sir, thanks ineffably for your pains, and we will proffer it to the first reader we find stretched out near the fire, and munching a piece of brown bread.

The "discoverer" of "Who Wrote Shakespeare's Plays" is original enough, with some to spare. And be assured, it requires a gigantic imagination to place the honor on Queen Bess.

We are glad "Pegasus Kicks," for the article has a garrulousness that is charming. "As We Pass By" is a department peculiar to the magazine, as is also the write-up of your interviews. "An Afternoon With Mr. Crist" and "The Host of Seawood" were not obtained easily, but they are worth the trouble.

"THE SPECTATOR"

(University of Virginia)

There is much quality in "The Spectator," along with an ailment which we would diagnose as self-consciousness.

The thousand and second narrative of Scheherazade is a genuine tale of the Arabian Nights, and its style is in harmony with the story. Elinor Wylie's works are commented upon quite aptly, an "intricate" review, being done in a "crystal" way.

EAT
AT
BURNETT'S
COR. MAIN AND CHURCH STS.

HURRAH FOR WOFFORD!
EAT
Blue Bird Ice Cream
CREAM OF THE PIEDMONT SECTION

The verse appears excellent but intangible —the kind that wraps no one out of himself. You have touched earth again in "Floodlights" and "The Book Stall."

We regret our inability to make no greater headway in "Ivory, Apes, and Peacocks" than the first two sentences, which are enough to suffocate even Mr. Cabell. And "Dark Sigil" must take up the story of the empty mind—big-leg trousers—and rag, tag, and bobtail. Poor Trader Horn!

"THE EROTHESIAN"
(Lander College)

In the February number, we have an intense liking for "That Rascal Sump" which, in truth, is done most handsomely. There is always a certain entrancingness about stories written in the patois.

Likewise, we shall state rather openly that "Campus Problems" is provincial, and "Sweet Water Place" might do credit to a peasant boy. We suspect it is mere variety which makes the issue after all.

With the exclusion of "Songs of the Sea" and "This I Am Sure That I Know," the verse shows an extreme pettiness. "The Founding of Lander" is an impossible poem. Not all subjects yield to any form of writing, and the fact that Stevenson constructed a short story on Villon does not mean that you can get away with another on Metternich.

"THE COLLEGIAN"
(Presbyterian College)

Here we have a flippant magazine, utterly sans learning, but quite capable of rickling the appetite.

Your most eminent contributor is the one who terms himself "Chip," and he writes prose and poetry with much success. "Up On the Hill" is an appealing piece of verse; "The Big Stiff"—in its naivete—rollicks along in a pleasing manner, and terminates most happily. We dislike the plot of the negro story, yet we hail it with enthusiasm.

The remaining poetry is mediocre: "The Gay Gallant" in particular is disenchanting. But as a whole, the issue is very palatable, and again, our praises to your staff—and "Chip."

ABOUT OURSELVES
(From "The Erothesian")

" 'The Wofford College Journal' for January is almost altogether a story magazine.

DRINK
Coca-Cola
IN BOTTLES

WOFFORD CASH STORE
A. A. LAVANTIS
Boys, next to home it's the best place to eat
COLD DRINKS, STATIONERY AND CANDIES
We Cash Your Checks

Short stories are very entertaining and popular, but it should be remembered that other forms of writing can also be made attractive.

" 'When a Man Breaks' is well-written and is 'different'. The impression that it leaves is certainly depressing, as it was evidently meant to be. 'Just Because a Man Says' is brief but is on the whole our choice among the stories. It is quite clever. 'Why the Wind Whistles' is unusual and original and adds individuality to the magazine. 'His First Wedding' is hardly a short story. Even as a narrative sketch it fails to excite much interest. 'The Recital' is good, but not unusual.

"Among the poems, 'Resurgam' stands out. 'Should You Pass Me' has a rhythm that is fascinating, but all else seems to be sacrificed to rhyme and meter. The meaning is not altogether clear and in some places the rhyme is apparently forced. 'Fragment,' by the same author, is musical and lacks the shortcomings just mentioned. We like 'Life' very much indeed.

"The Editorial, Exchange, and Book Review Departments are above the average of college magazines we have seen."

THE HUMBLE APPENDAGE

"And laughter holding both his sides."
Milton, L'Allegro.

"The Exchange" has grown weary; "The Exchange" has grown hysterically weary—weary to the point of pettishness. We would like to ask—without beseeching the pardon of anybody—why at least one of our officious penmen has not written something humorous.

It is unaccountable, but it seems fact that

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BY SOCIETY BRAND
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a pencil in hand spells disaster: a desk—a writing implement—some foolscap—and immediately the face must become owlish. Peradventure—there is no dishonor in making people laugh, and none in making them cry; only the first is the better thing to do. Laughing is kindly and wholesome—a catholic antidote for sicknesses, a funeral, or the megrims. . . . Our lachrymose writer—indeed—suffers much—he is always neurotic—and our profoundest sympathies! but let him keep his dyspepsia to himself. The earth may overpopulate, Caedes,—be shivered within the year, but its inhabitants will dine all the same. Pardon, friend Pessimist: we shall interrupt you for yonder fiddle; and now we are playing, and Rome may burn. What, sir? What shall be our state, and what shall we be doing at the distant period of three years, three months, and a day? Truly, sir, we hope we shall be laughing.

The unmusical—observes the great Shakespeare—are "fit for treasons, spoils, and strategems," but if you please, there is a type of creature even more despicable than a turncoat. That dignified personage who cannot descend to pleasantries now and then—or at least to appreciation of a witticism—has no place among us, and the best we can do is to turn his forehead toward another planet—administering a vicious kick—and send him flying.

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

I

"HERMAN MELVILLE"

By Lewis Mumford

Mr. Mumford is one of the youngest and yet one of the most prominent critics of literature in America. His new biography, "Herman Melville," is an accomplishment worthy of the highest praise. Throughout the interesting and instructive book, Mr. Mumford gives a clear and sympathetic portrait of a misunderstood genius.

Herman Melville has, only lately, come into the rights that he so richly deserves. Mr. Mumford says that the time is coming when Herman Melville will be regarded as one of America's greatest literary geniuses.

Mr. Mumford's biography is illuminating.

II

"DARKENED ROOMS"

By Sir Phillip Gibbs

This is probably the weirdest novel that has appeared in several years. It is a story of clairvoyants and mediums in London. If Mr. Gibbs' purpose was to accomplish an effect of weirdness, mysticism, and unsatisfied curiosity, then, of course, he has attained his purpose. For, at the end, the reader is not satisfied with the solution. In other words, "Darkened Rooms" leaves "a bad taste in one's mouth."

Yet Sir Phillip Gibbs writes excellent prose. His style is majestic and pleasing.

III

"THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE"

By Richard Halliburton

Mr. Halliburton's second excellent travel book has received an even greater acclaim than his first, "The Royal Road to Romance." He knows how to write a book that is as interesting throughout as any detective novel.

At the same time, the reader is given a panoramic view of the most romantic places in the world.

"The Glorious Adventure" recounts the travels and the adventures of young Halliburton and his friends along the Mediterranean Sea. They find rich romance in Greece and on the coast of Asia.

Throughout the book Mr. Halliburton keeps the reader in mind, and affords him a most "glorious adventure" also.

IV

"TIDE OF EMPIRE"

By Peter B. Kyne

This is a romance of a young Irish adventurer, seeking his fortune, among thousands of others, in the gold rush in California. Mr. Kyne gives a fine picture of the birth of our Western Empire. He tells of the lawless existence in the gold camps, and he shows clearly the great tide that changed our whole American life.

Although the theme is trite, Mr. Kyne develops it in a zestful manner. "Tide of Empire" is a tale of bygone days, of gallant Spanish dons, of lovely Spanish senoritas, of the trials and hardships of a mighty gold rush, and of a young Irish adventurer's quest of love first—and then, gold. It will please the most critical.

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MAY I ASK . . .

By Howard Berry

Fair Aurelia,
Lovely maid,
Laughing where
The sea winds played;
Dancing where
The sea-nymphs dance—
Palm-fringed dunes where
Satyrs prance—

Tell me, tell me,
Would you dare
Loose your fragrant
Wind-blown hair?
Dance upon the
Beaten Dunes,
'Neath the silver
Summer moons.

Quick fandango,
Joyous, free,
Emerald shawl
Dropped to your knee—
Hair tossed back
Your carefree way,
Laughing lips that
Ever say:

"Come and dance—the
Night is young,
Yonder moon is
Newly hung;
Turquoise skies
Above the blue—
Snow-white arms that
Ache for you!"

Will you come and
Make with me
Dreams come true
Across the sea?
Dance for me
'Neath summer moons
On the wave-washed
Beaten dunes?

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR

By Albert Allen

"My hair is gray, but not with years."
—Prisoner of Chillon.

THIS morning when I got up I went over to my dresser to comb my hair. The dresser stands next to the main window of my bedroom, and the full light comes in against the mirror. So I see myself very clearly; I can part my hair quite successfully —down the middle, and I take pains to put every hair in place.

This morning I halted abruptly. There it was! A long, pallid, gray hair; a withered hair; a gray hair! I am only nineteen, and I have a streak of silver—right in the center of my head. I look hard at myself in the mirror, and I wonder whether I am the same person. Ah, yes: is this the image of Tidrick Jenkins before me? I am not certain: Tidrick Jenkins has raven hair—as dark, as jet-black, as unmottled as a raven's.

It is the Sabbath, but I will not go to mass. I drop moodily upon my bed; I can think of nothing save the looking-glass, and its mockery.

"Ah, hah, Tidrick!" it seemed to say to me.

I know well why I should have gray hair. It is hard work—and I have worried enough, Heaven knows—and worked all my life. Yet why I have done this, I am not sure. People burn themselves out in these days, hastily, too; and the first symptoms are a wrinkled forehead and a gray head.

The day is chilly, with a heavy fog, which is dispiriting in itself. I am fortunate in having a fire in my room. I get up off the bed, and draw up my chair before the embers, which are dying away. As I do so, I catch a glimpse of the lowering weather outside.

"What a fine day," I say in a monologue, "it is so dark and gloomy."

I like gloomy weather this morning because I am gloomy myself. And why, then, am I gloomy? I had almost forgotten. But I know the reason. And I don't care a fillip if I am.

I recall the difficult circumstances of my life. I remember how, as a lad I went to school, and how I was bullied about by the larger boys. They used to throw my cap from one to the other, while I darted after it, almost frantic. They would laugh at my name, and whistle, and say, "Here, Tidrick! Here!" and snap their fingers. In the classroom, I always sat alone. I remember also that day I escaped from the whole mob, and ran off to wander in the fields.

In the higher grades, I fared little better. I would dream all night about the brazen spectacles of Old Bald-Head, his long stick, and his "Senatus Populusque Romanus." Some nights I went with Old Bald-Head and Caesar across the Rhine, when the bridge had not yet been built, and where it seemed that we would be overwhelmed in the spray. And at one time we three were met together on the banks of the Rubicon, and Caesar was all

in a frenzy, but Old Bald-Head took each of us by the hand, and led us over stepping-stones to the other side. Again, it seemed that Cicero was in our company. The orator was erupting like a volcano, when all at once a dozen conspirators rose up, headed by the nefarious Catiline. Tully appeared to turn white, and quaked mightily, but Old Bald-Head looked at the intruders through his brass spectacles, whereupon they all scuttled away except Manlius, and him the old pedagogue impaled with his stick.

Next, I am in the dusty book-shop, where I have toiled for better than a year. The proprietor is the harshest man alive; his mania is acquiring money from a sale of literary antiques. He thrives in an atmosphere of dust, and on a diet of ancient books. I shall not forget his look a week ago when he wanted me in his crazy book-stall. I think he searched in a huff for a half hour before he found me in the garden behind the house. I had been watering the flowers. . . .

I do not know how long I have sat here. I have looked at the expiring blaze, the mantelpiece, the wall, the chair which my uncle gave me, and which has become a part of myself. I am weary of all these things; I have not eaten my biscuit today—those objects the landlady bakes—rock-like—biscuits of inconceivable ropiness. I shall go downtown for a smoke: there is nothing better to dispel the megrims.

I have been melancholy this morning. "Melancholy," says Victor Hugo, "is the pleasure of being sad." It is a wretched pleasure, and frequently a trifle sets it off.

This morning, I crossed to the dresser to comb my head. I discovered a wrinkled, gray hair . . . a gray hair. . . .

WORDS

By Harold Miller

Words are signs of natural facts.
—Emerson.

WORDS are crystallized thoughts, thoughts culled out of human life and experience, and created to fill an exigent need for the expression of some idea. It is partially because the necessity for language arises to a great extent from nature and from common life, and because these two are everywhere very much alike that words are almost universally similar in form. A word does not exist until there has been a definite need. But since, in many spheres, life is similar, the same needs arise, with a few exceptions. For example, every man and every race, regardless of their habitat, has felt the need to express the process essential to living. Because these needs are similar, the words often have a similar form, especially where the alphabet is identical. Man coins a word. It is not an actual creation. It is a plagiarism, for man uses the source of his need and his contemporary knowledge as a foundation for his coining. Consequently, when there are two

races in almost complete isolation, if there is the same natural stimulus for the word, the reaction will be a combination of letters closely allied in each case. Fundamental words in one group of languages are very much alike, resultant also, of course, from association. As an illustration, examine the Indo-European languages. In the Sanskrit, we find "fhar"; in the Greek, "phero"; in the Latin, "fero"; in the English, "fear." These words of different periods, representing 4,000 years, are almost identical in form. Yet by changing one letter in the Sanskrit "fhar," we recreate our own English word. In like manner, a great many words which are basically fundamental and natural to life, anywhere we may search, despite major differences in time and culture, may be very similar in form.

Words used commonly are as old and mellow as music from a Stradivarius. Like Proteus, one small word, full of recondite meanings, retains the power to flash upon the intellect many surprising variations of itself. Opposing the misconceptions that large words are full of meaning, small words, because they are so incessantly used, offer a great deal more to the mind. They are more susceptible to change, both in meaning and form. Especially, words which are derived from the older languages unfold their meanings before our eyes like a tableaux. Imagine the life of the ancient Hindu, whence arose Sanskrit. Many of the words we use today accompanied their warriors to battle. The Hindu priest chanted them in divine worship and incantation, the Brahmin in command. The victors at Marathon and Salamis were accustomed to a large number of these self-same words; the tyrants employed them in his law codes, the orators before the demos in the agora. When the host of Xerxes burned the beautiful Acropolis, the Athenian citizens lamented their loss with words now ours. Much of our speech followed the triumphs along the Sacra Via, was thundered from the sacred temples in the Forum, resounded over the "concave banks of Father Tiber," snatched the power of empire from the Roman Emperor and settled it upon the brow of the favorite of the army. Such is the history of words. So mellow with age are they that only the devoted student of life actually realizes the vital wealth he possesses in his language. To educated men, a word opens volumes, unravels a never-ending romance, presents to the mind eye pictures in abundance.

Not only are many words similar in our Indo-European languages, as, no doubt, in other groups of speech, but our stories of life are alike. Narratives in Sanskrit 3,000 years ago have been the basis of world copy and diffusion. It has been said that these stories have been repeated an untold number of times with practically the same characters and morals. And it is common knowledge how many times the stories of legendary King Arthur have been recounted in English Literature. The Beowulf of the English, the Nibelungenlied of the Germans, the Chanson de Roland have common theme. The classic warnings in the form of fables and proverbs are extant in every land, rising independently and from association.

There is a compelling necessity that we

seek the study of the history of the world and the history of language if we are to really grasp the meanings of words. If one intentionally studies a word, looks at it, thinks of it in terms of itself only, it will have no meaning. A word is nothing in itself. Select a word, separate it into its parts, think of the letters alone, and it will seem a thing remote. If we think in a spirit of inquiry into the forms of a word, the most usual word will become utterly strange and ugly. We must cement our own past experience and study to them. We must hear in them the shouted commands of warriors, the roll of triremes on the sea, feel the awful shock when two armies meet. The roar of wounded boars, the crash of thunder and the blinding flash of lightning, the endless fall of the cascade must hover almost uncaught around the word. The voice of the orator, the worship of divine beings, the agonied cry of martyrs, the stentorian voice of "mighty Jove" must reecho in our words. In themselves, words are empty letters. But one rejoices in them in proportion as he knows the history which lies hidden in every word in our language.

THE RULER OF DESTINY

By A Dreamer

I rule the world.

I control the destiny of men.

The future is in my hand.

My power is subtle; so subtle that often its presence is not realized.

I have caused men to go to war; I have caused men to lay down their arms and pursue peace. For me friend has killed friend; brother has killed brother; father has killed son.

Men have crossed uncharted seas for me; men have endured the tortures of the burning desert for me; men have pushed their way into the pestilential jungle for me.

Because of me, men, in despair, have taken their own lives; because of me, men, urged on by hope, have returned from the shadowy portals of Death.

I have lowered men to the depths of Hell. I have lifted men to the heights of Heaven.

I rule the world.

I control the destiny of men.

The future is in my hand.

My name? My name is—Woman.

THE BATTLE OF COWPENS

By Russel C. King

A GREAT EVENT in our State's history, like the battle of Cowpens, is a subject to command the attention of every thoughtful mind.

If we were looking for the greatest battle ever fought between two armies in our State, we would turn our attention immediately to the battle of Cowpens, which was fought only twelve miles from Spartanburg, S. C. The most important thing in reviewing the battle is its possible results upon our country if we had lost the battle. There might have been destruction for our country, and we would have failed to secure the goal toward which we were struggling. We dislike to admit the fact, as you know, that our men were becoming dissatisfied and almost refused to fight any longer. But the winning of the battle of Cowpens put new life into our men and the officers were able to carry out their plans afterwards until the close of the war.

General Greene took command of the Southern army, sending out an order for a part of it to march into the State of South Carolina under the command of Major-General Daniel Morgan. Morgan left with only a few men for our State, bringing with him about three hundred and twenty Marylanders under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, two hundred Virginians under the command of Major Triplett, and eighty cavalrymen under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel William Washington.

On December 16, 1780, the order came for Morgan to leave Charlotte. Crossing the Catawba and Broad Rivers he pitched tents at Grendall Shoals, on the banks of the Pacolet River, on Christmas Day. Soon afterwards, Major Joseph McDowell came down with a body of North Carolina militia to join Morgan. At the same time McCall's regiment, which was a part of Pickens' brigade, joined his standard. A few Georgians under the command of Major Jackson and Major Cunningham also joined him.

This section of the country had very little provisions for the support of his men, so Morgan had to send about two hundred men away to secure adequate provisions for his army. The Tories had about two hundred men located on Little River, from which place they advanced to Fairforest Creek to stop Morgan's men from bringing provisions. Morgan sent out troops under the leadership of Colonels Washington and McCall to drive the Tories back. They succeeded in driving them back to their original place.

At this point Washington made an attack upon the Tories, killing one hundred and fifty and capturing forty of them as prisoners. Washington felt ambitious and attempted to make another attack upon his enemies, but his movements were discovered and his enemies fell back to Ninety-Six.

After Washington made such a bold attempt, Cornwallis called for Tarleton to help save Ninety-Six. Tarleton started for Ninety-Six, but realizing the strength of Washington's troops, he discontinued his march and requested Cornwallis to join him that they

both might move up the Broad River to stop Morgan. Cornwallis agreed to his plans, and they started their march, reaching Pacolet Valley on January 15, 1781.

Pickens sent Major McJunkin to carry a message to Morgan that Cornwallis and Tarleton were coming to make an attack upon him. When Morgan received the message he went to Burr's Mill on Thickety Creek, where he camped for the night. After being joined by Colonel Washington and General Pickens, Morgan continued the march, reaching Cowpens about sundown on the evening of January 16, 1781. When his army reached Cowpens, the people told Morgan that Tarleton's men were there. Morgan's men shouted, because they were eager to fight. Because they thought Morgan had come there to run away from the enemy, they were dissatisfied with their leader.

Matthew F. Steele, in his "American Campaigns," outlines the formation of the armies for the battle as follows: "Morgan selected his ground on a ridge gently ascending for about three hundred and fifty yards. On the crest of this ridge were posted his best troops, composed of two hundred and ninety Maryland regulars, and in line on their right were two companies of Virginia militia under Triplett and Tate, and a company of Georgians, about one hundred and forty in number, making his rear line consist of about four hundred and thirty men. This was commanded by Colonel Howard, of Maryland. One hundred and fifty yards in front of this line the main body of the militia were posted in open order under Colonel Pickens. These were composed of North Carolinians and South Carolinians, about two hundred and seventy in number. McDowell sent ninety-five of his men in front as sharpshooters. Colonel Cunningham had the right hand part of Colonel Pickens' men and the left was commanded by Major McDowell. Barron and Thomas were on McDowell's right, while Hayes and McCall were on Cunningham's left. Behind the main line were posted the American reserves, which consisted of Washington's and McCall's cavalry, one hundred and twenty-five in number."

Orders were given for the sharpshooters to protect themselves, while firing, as much as possible, and to stay under cover by using the trees. They were also ordered not to fire until they were one hundred and fifty yards from the enemy. Then after the first fire they were to fall back with Pickens.

Orders were given the militia to make two deliberate charges at fifty yards and go to the left of the regulars. Every third man was to fire.

The baggage, as we are told, was sent seven miles behind the place of battle, where it was placed under protection. Orders were given to the main line under the command of Howard to fire low and deliberately, and not to be alarmed at the retreat of the militia.

One of General Morgan's scouts brought the message early in the morning that Tarleton was within five miles of them. After receiving this information, Morgan sent orders to his officers, and he went along the line encouraging his men and "telling them that a great victory was just before them." They could hardly wait to commence firing on the enemy.

It took Tarleton five hours to get all his men moved up to the place where the battle was to take place. Tarleton explains his position as follows: "The light infantry were ordered to fire to the right until they were equal to the flank of the American front line, the light Legion infantry were added to their left, and, under the fire of a three-pounder, this part of the British troops were instructed to advance within three hundred yards of the enemy. This situation being acquired, the 7th regiment was commanded to form on the left of the Legion infantry and the other three-pounder was given to the right division of the 7th; a captain with fifty dragoons was placed on each flank of the troops which formed the British front line to protect their own flank and threaten those of the enemy; the first battalion of the 7th was desired to extend a little to the left of the second regiment and to remain a hundred and fifty yards in the rear. This body of infantry, and nearly one hundred cavalrymen, composed the reserve."

Tarleton made the attack much earlier than he intended. It is said that John Savage fired the first shot and that this shot brought down a British officer. The British made an attack as they advanced, and the front line of the Americans fell back to the second line under Pickens. As the British came on, the Americans fell back to Howard's flank. The British cavalry came in on the right and drove them back towards the position held by Washington. By this time it was evident that the enemy were in need of officers.

Washington made a counter charge which had a great effect upon the British. Pickens followed it with his men and reached the right flank just in time to save Howard. Tarleton saw that his men were getting the worst of the fight and ordered his reserves into action. Morgan foresaw Tarleton's purpose and ordered Pickens to attack the left flank and commanded Washington to charge their right. Both orders were carried out perfectly. Howard misunderstood the order, and ordered the flank company to change their front. The British thought that Howard was planning to retreat so they rushed over within thirty yards of Howard's men.

Washington sent word to Morgan to fire once, knowing that the cavalry would do the rest. The orders were carried out, and the enemy had to retreat. Howard gave orders to make a bayonet charge, and after this, Washington came up in the rear. Tarleton having failed to collect his men and his cavalry, was forced to lay down his arms. These were the words he used, "Neither promises nor threats could gain their attention; they surrendered or dispersed."

Morgan's forces at Cowpens numbered about eight hundred and fifty men, while Tarleton's troops numbered one thousand one hundred and fifty. The Americans lost twelve; sixty-two were wounded. The British lost eighty, one hundred and fifty were wounded, and six hundred were taken prisoners. Tarleton managed to escape and went to Cornwallis's camp on Turkey Creek. Morgan saw to it that the wounded were cared for, and withdrew afterwards, realizing that it was dangerous to remain around the old battleground.

THE CALL OF THE TAME

By James P. Carroll

YES, I recognize the house. Although I have not seen it since I visited my brother after he married, now quite twenty years ago, I recognize it. It looks just about the same as it did then. No, the place hasn't changed much since I left for South America. But, my, how the occupants must have changed! Let's see, Tom now has four—no, five children. The two girls and the boy must be grown by now. I have not even seen the two little tots. How happy Tom and his family must be! Yes, I suppose I am a fool. I might have married and have had all of this, but, well. . . . Twenty years of my life wasted, wasted in the jungles among savages. Of course, I have become wealthy, and, in a way, I am happy, but I guess I am a fool. I ought to have married and settled down and acted like a civilized man, but then I never was domestic. In fact, I have always rather detested society. That is the reason I fled civilization and isolated myself from the world. Yes, I suppose I am a fool.

While I was in the midst of these reveries, the door opened. A giggling girl stood before me. I always had hated giggling girls. Before I had time for second thought, I found myself being hugged and kissed. I always had hated such nonsense.

"Oh, isn't this thrilling! Gosh, I was expecting an old, old man with long white beard. Isn't that too funny? Oh, do come in. This is slaying me."

I was pushed inside only to find myself surrounded. I was bombarded with verbal bombs. From all sides, "Uncle John, Uncle John," was hurled at me. This was terrible. I had expected a greeting, but I was totally unprepared for a stampede.

At noon, Tom came in. Poor Tom! He was tired; he was worried. Poor Tom—still drudging. The meal passed off with only three major quarrels and two squabbles. I found myself with a terrific headache.

Dinner over, the family dispersed. The girls departed for a bridge party and a dance, the boy for a neighboring town, the little tots to bed, Tom for work. Poor Tom!

I was now fully informed as to how I was to be entertained. Parties, dinners, shows, receptions. I always had hated social functions.

That night, I was awakened in the wee small hours of the morning. The same infernal giggles, boyish laughs, a whirring motor, a door slamming, more door slamming. Silence at last. . . . Would that dog never stop barking?

The alarm clock rang. Of course, men in civilized America had to dress and shave for breakfast. The thought maddened me.

"Western Union?" I asked. "Listen. . . ."

Having given my message, I hung up the receiver.

"But, John," querried Tom a little later, "must you really go? We thought that you were going to stay with us a long time. We have so many things planned for you."

"I'm sorry, Tom, but I just received this telegram."

Tom took it and read:

"Dear John:

"Come back to South America at once. Very urgent.

"Peace and Rest."

"Those two men," I explained, "are my business associates and my very best companions."

ARMA VIRUMQUE

By Howard Berry

—The whirr! Phtt! Phtt! of a leaden hailstorm
And a cry in a lurid dawn,
With the stench of the dead and the shrieks of the dying,
And the lead and the steel and the shrapnel flying,
When a Buddy and a Pal is gone.

Vrtt! Whump! with a tingle and crash
And a thudding splash—
Sure death behind that hummoch—
Umph! Splash! And a horrid gash
Of a bayonet in the stomach.

(I'm next I know—
I don't care,
Let's go,
Don't know why,—dunno—dunno—dunno—)

Down! There's a flare in the air
And hell's fury is shaking the ground;
Shut your eyes—don't stare,
There's a man in the air—
In bits—
And he's falling down,
down,
down.

Vrtt! Phtt! This can't last—
I can't—
I'm going. Out there. Somewhere—
Fast.

THE MAN WITH THE EVIL EYE

By L. Brunson George

IT was night. Stillness reigned along the shore, and greater stillness out upon the sand hills. Across the bay a lighthouse beacon flashed at regular intervals. Nearer the shore an occasional clang of a bell-bouy interrupted the rhythmic harmony of the waves as they broke upon the beach.

A solitary man sat gazing fixedly out upon the sea. He was thinking: in his mind he saw an eventful night—the night he had conquered his life-long enemy.

Hirschel got up, threw back his stooped shoulders, ran his hand through his grey hair, and walked along the shore. He was proud of his clever act. He had tried to shun the evil eye of Sellings for many years. But to his horror, he met him at every turn, on every trip, and was dogged by him everywhere he went. He was wondering why he had endured it so long—why he had not thought of the scheme before. They had spent many nights upon the same boat without the least idea of each other's business there. Little did Hirschel regret the reward to the gang who would have done it for half that sum. A reward was never so low, nor a crime so heinous that they were not keen enough to carry it through without a trace of evidence behind them.

Hirschel pictured again the dark hatch where he had betrayed his enemy to the gang—the black, sticky barrel in which they were to conceal the crime from numerous observers surrounding the railings of the upper decks, and how he himself sat aft, on the second deck, ready to see the unique casket floating with the other garbage, finally to sink as it receded from the stern. It did not sink. It floated, riding the waves as it was left in the distance. He caught sight of a large red splotch on one end of the barrel as it dipped over a wave and disappeared out of sight. His enemy—Sellings—was out of the way.

"Six months without seeing him," he muttered, gasping.

Hirschel was walking along the beach. The only sound was the heavy tread of his feet upon the dry sand. He stopped abruptly: he looked behind him. He looked toward the hills and back to the water. He turned, walking back along the water's edge. He was going back to a path that led along the outer edge of the estate of Sellings, which lay on the seaward side of his own. Hirschel had often walked down the path to the shore. He stopped again suddenly. He faced squarely towards the sea, looking with a stare. An object appeared, now upon the crest; now in the trough of the waves. It was coming to shore. It was the barrel—the black barrel. He stood motionless, his body leaning forward as he peered at the head of the barrel while it was swinging slowly around. The red splotch had faded to a dingy garnet, and barnacles were clinging to every stave. It came nearer, still nearer to the shore.

"It's the barrel," he gasped as he stepped back a few paces, clutching a handful of his grey hair.

Several waves broke upon the sand; a large one raised the barrel upon its crest and rolled it rattling upon the shore. Hirschel advanced nervously, stooped and seized an iron pipe that lay on the beach.

Drawing the implement above his head, he struck the barrel—struck it on the red splotch at the end. It was the lone proof of his crime and he would destroy it. The clothes within the barrel showed that his plan had worked. It was all before him now, and he was sure the evil eye was gone—the man with the evil eye was gone.

Hirschel laughed. As Hirschel laughed the peal reechoed from behind him.

A man was looking at the crushed barrel. Evidently the clothes did not surprise him—in fact, he looked at them as if he had seen them before. He laughed a second laugh—and looked at them hard—then looked at Hirschel—with an evil eye.

RICHARD WAGNER

By Madison Ferguson

IN all history, a few outstanding personalities have lived such vivid lives that they have brought into being a literature of astonishing size. Shakespeare, Napoleon and Richard Wagner have probably had more written about them than any other three men in all secular history.

Wagner's father, who was a police clerk, died when the boy was six months old. His step-father, Ludwig Geyer, was an actor and playwright who did everything possible to foster the artistic inclinations of the remarkable boy. Wagner was educated in the best schools in the city. He showed no special inclination for music, although he composed a tragedy in Shakespearean style when he was fourteen. When he was fifteen, he heard a Beethoven Symphony for the first time and was so overcome by it that he started out to study harmony by himself. For a short time he studied with Gottlieb Muller and then had six months work in composition under Theodor Weinlig. After that he was self-taught. In 1830 he entered the University of Leipsic, but his intention of becoming a composer was already firmly fixed.

His first productions as a composer were overtures, a symphony and two operas of unimportant content ("Die Feen" and "Dos Liebesverbot.") Meanwhile he supported himself by conducting in Germany and Russia. In the latter country he wrote "Rienzi," an opera in the spectacular style of Meyerbeer. Afterward he went to Paris to seek better opportunities. On the way he conceived "The Flying Dutchman," a work which was to be developed on a vastly higher plane than "Rienzi." Here Wagner made the great determinative step in his career. Notwithstanding the fact that he faced starvation in Paris, he resolved to abandon the superficial style and cleave to that which he believed to

be best. "Rienzi" was produced in Dresden, in 1842, with immense success. Wagner could easily have made a fortune by continuing in the same style. Instead he accepted nearly thirty years of privation and struggle which resulted in the production of his great masterpieces: "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Die Meistersinger," "Der Ring des Nibelungen," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal."

Not satisfied with the production of these masterpieces, he determined to have an opera house in which they could be seen under new conditions and to the best advantage. This decision resulted in the Festival Theatre in Bayreuth, where, with the assistance of his second wife, Cosima, daughter of Franz Liszt, and his son, Siegfried, Wagnerian festivals have been given regularly since the opening of the building in August, 1876.

Wagner was a typical genius, a man of high ideals in art, who could step down to questionable depths of self-indulgence. His ability in music, as a playwright and as a writer upon musical subjects, has never been equaled in any other man.

Wagner's innovations in orchestration are as striking and as revolutionary as his work in the opera house. He brought new tonal resources into use with a result that has affected the music of all composers since his time.

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EDITORIALS

Commencement

Once more the commencement season has rolled around. Once more thousands of capped and gowned Seniors will eagerly grasp their diplomas with a feeling of satisfaction. Their goal is reached; the irksome struggle upward is done; they are college graduates!

But what is commencement? Is it merely the congratulations of one's friends, many presents, happy experiences? Is it merely a diploma? Commencement should be a vision of the task that lies ahead; a realization of songs yet unsung, of books yet unwritten, of pictures yet unpainted. It ought to be a vantage point from which one looks out upon an infinity of unconquered worlds.

Education is a will o' the wisp. Always it lies just ahead, but it is never attained. High school graduates are not educated. College graduates are not educated. University graduates are not educated. There is no such thing as an educated man.

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Commencing to learn, commencing to live, commencing to serve.

SUCH THINGS AS BOOKS

1.

"ROUND UP"

By Ring W. Lardner

This is a collection of short stories that represents some of the very best work that has been done in this form of narrative. Mr. Lardner, trained by wide experience, gives us a picture of American life as it is today, mixed with humor and pathos.

There are thirty-five stories in the book, eighteen of them being new. They range from baseball yarns to honeymoon trips to

Florida. Each one is thoroughly interesting and pleasing.

After reading the entire book, we readily see that Mr. Lardner is a master of the short story, employing the most wholesome of humor and a typically American viewpoint.

Of the stories, we like "The Old Folks' Christmas" and "There are Smiles" best. One would have to go far to find a more perfectly balanced pair of short stories.

"Round Up" is a collection of excellent stories and will please everyone.

2.

"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN"

By H. W. Freeman

This book has the "stuff" of which real books are made. It has body to it, and is solid to the core.

Mr. Freeman, a young English novelist, gives us a simple story of an English farm, worked by the father and his five sons. They have put their souls in the work, and live just for the farm. Thus the farm is the subject of the book.

There is no violent action; there are no catastrophes. It is a simple story, no frills and no flowery words.

Mr. Freeman has stepped forward as a novelist of the first rank by writing this, his first novel.

"The Outlook," in reviewing it, says: "We read it through without a pause, and have given it into two pairs of hands, one young and eager, and the other old and worn. Neither laid it down until the end."

"Joseph and His Brethren" provides real entertainment and will satisfy.

3.

"THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP"

By Joan Lowell

It is a "rich, rare, and racy" tale of the sea, told in a bracing language, by a girl in her early twenties.

Joan Lowell is a female Trader Horn who seeks adventure, finds it, and tells about it with the zest of a Richard Halliburton.

"The Cradle of the Deep" is interesting and will more than likely be read through without a halt. The very page lives with the air of the sea. Whether Miss Lowell ever experienced these adventures is of no consequence. She provides real entertainment, and reels it off at a fast clip. There is not a dull page in the entire book.

Today "The Cradle of the Deep" is the best selling book in the United States. It is

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not great literature, certainly, but what does that matter? —John C. Otts, Jr.

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EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

ALBERT ALLEN, *Editor*

"THE SPECTATOR"
(University of Virginia)

The February "Spectator" is an engrossing magazine.

A short story can hardly offer more suspense than you experience in a perusal of "The Queen of Clubs." Mr. Reeves has done well: the situation is delicate, yet the reader is not cheated in the end. We like "Insomnia," too, as well as the appreciation of Carl Sandburg.

There is something lofty and wholesome about the poetry—even in "Fantasy"—while "The Path to the Pond" and the two sonnets are good enough to provoke a second reading. In our opinion, the college verse of the hour is generally a synonym for repeated nothings.

"Floodlights" is a happy name for the department, and the title "Book-Stall" exhibits no mean individuality. The issue lacks the sardonic atmosphere of the previous number. It is a mature magazine—in truth—dealing no whit in nonsense or boyishness.

"THE CONCEPT"
(Converse College)

"In the Day's Work" is indubitably the best contribution to "The Concept." The article may want for pointedness, but is written in a prodigious style.

The poetry is of a varied character, and "Wild Thyme" is as excellent as always. We shall single out "Quicksilver," which—in all its brevity—shows much thought. We trust Miss Bryan will allude to the old Persian quite frequently, for beyond doubt our frivolous versifiers stand in great need.

"The Concept" is the most diverse periodical in the State: you can find here what you want, and your taste may be what it pleases. There is anything from prose which is good to poetry which is better.

And now, the author of "Week-End Over," your fourscore pardons, for we are much commoved. There are some evils to avoid, among which are the smallpox and the free verse habit of the scribbling New Yorker.

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"THE COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON MAGAZINE"

There is a taint of gravity about the issue, yet the articles are stimulating down to the very last.

Though part first of "Pioneers" is inaccessible to us, we judge that the narrative is superb. The christening of characters is an art—which is not incommoding to the meanest writer—and believe us, a ream of foolscap could be written on such names as Bumble and David Hazard. Charles Dickens strikes upon a name the most aptly of the English authors—for example, Chuzzlewit and Quilp and one "who had gone and got herself named Peggotty." You may term a man Hazard, and we will read about him; but call him Walker, and we will start another story. The statement is offered for chewing, and our meekest apologies for the divagation.

"Seventeen," "Austerity," and particularly "The Washerwoman," are engaging poems. Mr. Wallace's narrative of "The Stick" may have been set forth either to moralize or to entertain: it seems to dangle between both, and what the precise tenor is, we are conscious that we do not know.

The phrase "good stuff" struck us rather shockingly. Often Webster is unavailable, in which case seize a Latin dictionary—or in a crisis—say it in Hebrew.

"THE ECHO"
(Furman University)

"The Echo" is definitely wretched. Throughout the number, there is a glaring want of inspiration.

"Pisa" and "Miyajima" stand out as the

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two saving contributions. In the former, we are met with vivid description; in the latter, we find a certain imaginativeness that smacks of Coleridge. The "If's"—judiciously placed under a pseudonym—are little better than street jargon.

We note somewhat dolorously the membership of a space-filler with the staff, and we find his influence on the magazine to have been as profound as it has been bad. If he be Cinna, tear him for conspiracy; if he is Cinna the Poet, "tear him for his bad verses."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"The Wataguan," "The Tomahawk."

THE HUMBLE APPENDAGE

"What terrors round him wait?"
—Gray, The Bard

"The Exchange" claps the final issue upon the table—with an air of accomplishment—and the prolonged anguish is at an end. More than once in the course of our reading, some sign of promise has glared from the paragraph, and in after time—something familiar may greet us during a glance at current letters, or a browsing amid the library of no matter where it may be. . . .

The world will forever boast a number who must try their hand at the goose quill, as well as a few who finally bend it to their wish. There is keen fascination that comes in each turning of a sentence—the sticking in here and yonder of a rare word—which we do with zest, and a deep twinge of complacency. . . . It is a business of trying to say something new—and with failure in that—to hash up something old in a new way. And there is flattery in believing that much will come of it. We thrive among hopes . . . and grow old in disappointment. . . .

Upon our word, those were strong spirits who ascended Breackneck Steps on stale beer, pushed their hands through the bed-clothes, and scratched all day for a penny. For be writing as great as it may, it is a weak argument to most men without breakfast. . . .

His stomach gnawed distressingly, yet the courage of Edgar Allan Poe did not waver a tittle. "Depend upon it, Thomas," he wrote, drawing a laprobe more closely about him, "literature is the noblest of professions. In fact, it is about the only one fit for a man." And what with the fasting of the American genius, the two-day search of Flaubert for a single word, the twelve-year Salem hermitage of Hawthorne, we suggest—a little meekly—that only a man is fit for laboring at letters.

There have been authorial legions—avid, and incredibly toiling; but failures are placed under a heavy hush, and the story is never told. . . . You may be aspiring or not, as you choose, but any way, it is a poor prospect. Charybdis looms here, and Scylla lies there, and on all sides the hubub. Leap, my boy, and the world's devoutest blessings! To be sure, you care little for starvation on a rock, and perhaps less to be sucked up in the whirlpool. . . .

But it is better to fail gloriously than to sit away a life-time, and let us launch out in great fashion. If success be not nearer than a hundred leagues, resignation is still paltry and trifling. . . . And with the wretchedest ambition, to live purposely is to live well.

A. L. A.

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